National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

A TREE KNOWN BY ITS FRUIT.

From The Philadelphia Pennsylvanian.

THE great Teacher and Reformer of the world has laid it down as a fixed rule in nature, and in morals, that we are to judge of a tree, or a principle, by its fruit. If a tree is good, the fruit will be good; equally true is it that if a principle be good, its fruit will be good. Let this divine test be applied to Abolitionism, or, which is the same thing, Black Republicanism.

Since the first seeds of Anti-Slavery were planted in this happy country, what has been produced? Nothing but anarchy and confusion, in Church, in State, in business. If you enter the church courts, where this hydra-headed monster has been admitted, discord, anger, wrath and dissension have ensued. Among kindred and brethren it has produced the most embittered strife and alienation, and thereby disgracing Christianity and our common humanity.

It converts the pure man into the impure, the peaceful man into a man of war—H. W. Beecher, for example, who would place the death weapon in a man's hand rather than the Bible. It transforms the honest man into a wholesale, boasting robber—as in the case of Thomas Garrett, of Wilmington, Del., who publicly boasted at the late Abolition meeting in this city that he had been instrumental in *stealing* 2,245 slaves.

There can be no question in the mind of any good, upright citizen that Thomas Garrett, the Republican, could have been any more guilty before God and man had he have stolen 2 245 horses, or robbed 2,245 henroosts, than he is now. He has, according to his own confession, violated both the laws of God and man? Man-stealing is most absolutely forbidden by the Bible, as it is by the Constitution and laws of the United States. To steal is to take without right that which lawfully belongs to another. No man can be charged with theft who dips a bucket of water out of the ocean, and for the simple reason that the ocean is the lawful property of no one. But, let that same man go into the store of a grocer and take a pint of vinegar by stealth, he is a thief, because the vinegar was the lawful property of the grocer. Now, then, did not each one of those 2,245 slaves stolen by Thomas Garrett lawfully belong to one or more of the citizens of the United States? Then it follows, if we live under a government of law, and there be justice and equity in the country, that Thomas Garrett, of Wilmington, Del., is a thief to the full amount of those 2 245 lawfully owned slaves. And to crown this high-handed villany, we find it is sanctioned by such men as James Mott, a Hicksite Quaker; William H. Furness, D.D., a Unitarian preacher; Edward M. Davis, son-in-law of James Mott; Robert Purvis (colored man); Mr. Kennedy; Oliver Johnson, of New York; J. Miller McKim, a renegade minister from the Presbyterian Church; Rev. C. C. Foot, of Canada, the travelling agent of the Underground Railroad; William B. Thomas, a prominent leader in the Black Republican party of this city; and of the sisterhood, Lucretia, wife of James Mott, and mother-in-law of Edward M. Davis, silk merchant, or something of that sort, who, if a Southern slaveholding merchant was to come into Edward's store, and wish to buy a bill of goods to the amount of $5,000 cash, and Edward would feign scruples of conscience about taking the slaveholder's money till he consulted James and Lucretia [illegible], knows we do not believe in the Bible any more than Thomas Paine, or Joseph Barker, or William B. Thomas, but we believe in the inward light; and, after a silent meeting of half an hour, the inward light directs us to urge thee to take the slaveholder's money. Ahem!

Now, all those persons above named, with Miss Mary Grew and many others, endorse the absolute theft of Thomas Garrett, of Wilmington, Del. What a commentary on the morals of this age and city!

If those thieves and the abettors of theft had any regard for the Constitution and laws of the United States, or if they had any faith in the Bible, appeals might be made to their patriotism or their sense of moral right. But they profess to have a higher law than the Constitution. As for the Bible, it is no more to anti-slavery men and women than poor Will's almanac. The tenth commandment, for example, which condemns every act of their lives, and thought of their hearts, is wholly disregarded. Consequently, you can do nothing with them. Their hearts are fully set in them to do evil. They are on the side of *murder* and *rapine*. The very persons referred to held meetings of sympathy for that vilest of murderers that ever disgraced the soil of this happy country—old John Brown. No, one, therefore, can be in the least astonished that they fellowship with thieves and aid in carrying off the stolen property of their fellow-citizens, and, when stolen and put out of their hands, leave the poor stolen slaves in the condition that thousands of them are, in Canada, this day. If there is any sympathy in those *professed* friends of the African race, why do they not demonstrate it by bettering the condition of thousands of those miserable creatures who are living in the most abject poverty and squalid wretchedness in this city? for a more ignorant and totally debased set of human beings can hardly be found in the civilized world than may be seen among the negroes in the southern part of Philadelphia. So debased and vicious are they that humanity shudders at the sight, and still the Abolitionists are not satisfied, but, by every foul and thieving means in their power, are laboring to add to the number of the miserable. The braggadocia negro-stealer, Thomas Garrett, of Wilmington, tells the public that he has kept a register of 2,245 whom he has added to the list of almost homeless wanderers; and over the villany of this old Hicksite, such men as the Rev. William H. Furness, D.D., Unitarian preacher of this city, and the Rev. Henry Grew, a nondescript minister, who offers whining prayers and delivers lachrymose exhortations, as we are informed, in the Business Men's Noonday Prayer Meetings, much to their annoyance, exult. Is it any marvel that there are infidels in the community, when men *professing* to believe in the Ten Commandments act thus? Our holy Christianity and the laws of the land are set at defiance by the anti-slavery men.

Business men of Philadelphia, see you not how these men are endeavoring to ruin you? and, what is more, and worse still, the Hon. E. Joy Morris, the member from this city, by his vote in the House of Representatives, aids the Black Republicans. Let a mark deep and indelible as Cain's be put upon him. UNION.

SOUTHERN DENUNCIATION OF BENNETT'S HERALD.

From The Mobile Register.

NEW YORK, Wednesday, Feb. 8, 1860.

I HAVE never seen so many Texans gathered in New York at one time as at present. I met a party last night and was very much pleased with them. These Southerners are down upon *The Herald*, and very justly so. One of them observed, "But for that paper there would have been good feeling between the Northern and Southern people." It has continually published lies and false statements, calculated to excite the South. But for *The Herald* the ravages of Abolitionists, their bold speeches and rantings would have died out on Northern soil. The Southern people would never have heard of them, and no excitement would have followed. It is the rascal Bennett who has made the mischief. Under plea of friendship to the South and pitching into anti-slaveryism, he secured Southern confidence, and, he used to scatter broadcast, for a quarter of a century, millions of abolition papers, speeches, letters, &c., that never would have been heard of the other side of Mason and Dixon's line. If John Brown deserved hanging, this Abolitionist Bennett deserves quartering.

Another merchant from Indianola thought Bennett ought to be got down to Texas. Another said his life would not be worth an hour's purchase.

What paper but *The Herald* has for years kept up the excitement North and South? All the vile incendiary documents published have not reached a tenth part of those sent to every section of the South by the *friendly Herald*.

Try him fairly, in any or every Southern State, on the evidence of his own paper, and the 8,000 copies are witnesses of his guilt to the South—his fearful crime against the Union. Men begin to look at these things as they have and do exist.

Were I or any Northern man to go South with a tract containing not one-tenth of the abolition matter found in any number of *The Herald* for twenty years past, we would be hung before we had traveled a week in any Southern State. Our sentence would be just. Is it right that this head chief of the Abolitionists should escape scot free? No. Let the Governor of Alabama claim this man for trial. Let him demand the body from Governor Morgan. Take Bennett South. Procure a copy of *The Herald* for the past twenty-five years, and try him by that. If guilty, put him to death. Why should a mean soul like Bennett escape, when his superiors, John Brown, Coppock, Stevens & Co., are put to death?

I have often wondered that this dreadful firebrand thrower was permitted by the South to exist an hour, and to carry on his incendiary proceedings, year after year, without punishment! I do not think he will be permitted to do so much longer.

THE PULPIT RESPONSIBLE FOR DISUNION.

From The Philadelphia Christian Observer.

MESSRS. EDITORS: It is with great pain that I state, what I believe to be the fact, that the pulpit of some of our religious denominations is morally accountable for much of the disunion sentiment which afflicts the country at this time. We have Northern and Southern Presbyterian, Baptist and Methodist Churches, which have been alienated by the question, and the union which heretofore existed between *them* has been dissolved. It may be of no great consequence to dissolve the union of Churches, as no great national interests are involved thereby; but when disunion in religion becomes a common occurrence, many are led to believe that the disunion of States may take place without causing more difficulty than in the former case.

This is a fatal mistake. The former is a matter of conscience; the latter of *vast moment* to the peace of the country. Ministers of the Gospel are not in general well acquainted with what is called the *business* concerns of life, by which we live and prosper, and are enabled to build churches and maintain the Gospel among us; and some seem to know nothing of the vast issues depending on our Union, as regards the commerce and manufactures of the country resting so much upon the Unity of our States, and do not reflect that while they may be endeavoring to break the bonds of the slave in the South, they may be taking the bread out of the mouths of tens of thousands of their Northern as well as Southern brethren, reducing them to want and idleness, and consequent crime. I think myself that it is rather an arrogant assumption in the minister at the North to say to his brother at the South, "We are better than you"; that "We do not believe in slavery, and you do." The standard of piety in the South is certainly equal to that of the North, and its ministry quite as talented and pious. There may not be as many *isms* there, but for earnest sincerity and zeal for the cause of Christ the ministry of the South have always been distinguished. If the ministry of the North believe them to be wrong, they should endeavor to *persuade and convince* them of the wrong. Denunciation is not the means. If the Kingdom of Christ is to be advanced, charity, and not personalities and threats, would be more effectual in this case. It is presumed our Southern ministry is intelligent and know what they are doing; at all events, the duty of the minister of Christ is to preach the Gospel faithfully; and if slavery is a sin, men will discover it themselves. Their Bibles will teach them their whole duty as Christians on this and other subjects.

It seems to me a very singular state of things that slavery should be singled out by infidel preachers, as if it was the greatest evil to be endured by man. We see, also, Unitarians, some who herd with play-actors, and some who reject many of the most cheering truths of Christianity—we see Ward Beecher with Lucretia Mott, and other masculine women, all herding together on the same platform and for one object—the liberation of the slave in the South, to make him the slave of poverty wherever he may afterward rove. With these people it requires no other passport to Heaven than to be an Abolitionist. "Godly John Brown!" is their model man, and, although he may have been the murderer, the horse-thief, and "died without a sign," they, or their company, exalt him to an equality with the Savior of mankind. Oh, shame, where is thy blush! These zealots for the slave have no pity for the "poor Indian." Mormonism with them has no horrors. They cannot see, nor care for, the thousands of prostitute women who walk the streets at night in our Northern cities; they cannot see the moral lepers which taint the air with crime of all kinds, and which call for all their philanthropy and religion; but they have a negro in their eyes, and his fancied wrongs fill up their distorted vision.

Mr. Buchanan, in his late message, has drawn a correct picture of the Southern slave, which I advise all those who are ignorant of his *true state* to read. A distinguished Senator, in his place at Washington, proclaimed, from his certain knowledge, that Helper, an apostate son of North Carolina, who has lately published the "Impending Crisis," was a thief who robbed his employer of $300, while he was in full standing as a communicant in one of the Southern Churches; and yet this man is encouraged in his infamous work of sowing dissension between the North and the South. Finally, Messrs. Editors, it is my solemn opinion that the more ministers of the Gospel mingle in this slavery question, the more the influence of our blessed religion will suffer at their hands. TRUTH.

Philadelphia, January 6th, 1860.

Selections.

THE PRESIDENCY.

From The Tribune.

WE judge that there is no longer a shadow of hope that the National Committee will change the time originally designated for the meeting of the Chicago Convention. We have not within the last six weeks met a Republican outside of that Committee who did not consider the postponement of that Convention to the middle of June a deplorable mistake—as in effect giving away the two best months of the campaign. Until the nominations shall have been made, very little will or can be done to secure success in the ensuing election. We shall be wrangling with each other about our prospective candidates, rather than rallying and organizing our forces for effective service against the common adversary. Delegations will be packed to secure the nomination of this or that aspirant, and many will go to Chicago not to hear, to consider and decide by what instrumentalities the Good Cause can best be subserved, but to carry out a prearranged programme, no matter at what risk or cost. Thus the bright idea of waiting to let the Slave Democracy quarrel and fall to pieces at Charleston is quite likely to result in serious and damaging dissensions, if not positive disruption, in our own ranks. But weak men will do anything sooner than admit that they have made a blunder; so we must consider the time of holding the Convention settled beyond further controversy.

The evil effects of this postponement are manifest in the terms and temper in which the selection of our Presidential candidate are discussed in many Republican journals. A portion of them virtually assume that, should A. be nominated, our defeat will be inevitable. Another portion reports that if B. should be the man, he will not be heartily nor generally supported. Thus, heat is generated, and hasty words uttered—nay, printed—which the utterers will deplore and wish they had withheld before we are half through the canvass. The purport, the drift, of these ill-considered fulminations is that, should a candidate of one class be chosen, we shall throw away the election; if of another class, we shall only succeed, if we succeed at all, at the expense of our principles. All this is idle, mischievous, untrue. And, as *The Tribune* is continually quoted as saying, or doing, or purposing, something different from the fact, we propose briefly to set forth our views on the main question:

We hold, then, that if the Republican party is strong enough to elect as next President whomsoever it will, there are two men who, above all others, are entitled to consideration at Chicago. Those men are WILLIAM H. SEWARD of New York and SALMON P. CHASE of Ohio. Being members of the Federal Senate when Mr. Douglas introduced, remodelled and pressed through his Nebraska bill, they opposed and exposed it with a promptness, energy, address and resolution which have rarely been equalled. Others did nobly; but it is preeminently due to these two that the country was early and generally apprised of the real character and purpose of that iniquitous measure and that the hollow hypocrisy of its claims to justification on the basis of "Popular Sovereignty" were held up to the indignant gaze of all who were not wilfully blind. As Mr. Douglas is very likely to be the candidate of the Sham Democracy, there would be eminent fitness in pitting against him one of his two chief antagonists in the memorable struggle which dissolved old organizations and called the Republican party into being. Each of them is, by original character, by training, by experience, emphatically a statesman of unquestionable ability, unsullied integrity, broad National views and feelings, and thoroughly Republican principles and aspirations. No sane American, no matter of what section, would have any fear that the National interests or honor would suffer under the sway of Seward or Chase, while the noisy swash of disunion would be rebuked and exploded by the election and administration of either of them, and stand exposed to all the world as the hollow mask it really is. No earnest Republican, surely, could refuse to work as well as vote for either Chase or Seward, or to do every honorable thing within his power to secure the election of whichever should be nominated.

Is the Republican party strong enough to elect Chase or Seward? Could they, or either of them, carry Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Illinois, or all the Free States except Pennsylvania? If yes, then the only practical question is, Which of these two foremost Republicans shall be our standard-bearer in 1860?

We propose to leave both these questions to the Chicago Convention. We have our opinions with respect to them; but we do not desire that the Convention shall be governed or influenced by them. We only urge that all the States, but especially the pivotal States above named, shall send able, candid, impartial Delegates to Chicago—there to state exactly what these doubtful States can and cannot do, and that the Convention shall give earnest heed to those statements and take action accordingly.

And it does seem to us—though we hold this view subject to the representations of the delegates to Chicago from the doubtful States—that, if we cannot probably elect Seward or Chase, it will be vain to nominate instead either Banks, or Fessenden, or Dayton, or Cameron, or Lincoln. Good men and true are they all; but wherein or on what ground can we rationally hope to obtain for either of them any considerable support which will not be accorded to Chase or Seward? All of these are simply and thoroughly Republicans, who fought with us the good fight of 1856, and bear the scars of that well fought and glorious, though unsuccessful, struggle. No one will seriously contend that either of them is abler, more eminent, more deserving, than they who led the forlorn hope against Douglas and his Iniquity in 1854. On what plausible ground could we hope to secure for them the votes denied us in 1856?

If, then, our Convention shall decide that it cannot safely nominate Seward or Chase, we hold, with due submission, that the man for the hour is EDWARD BATES of Missouri. Mr. Bates is commended to our judgment because, while essentially a Republican, he has not hitherto been identified with our party, and is not exposed to the unjust prejudices which incessant misrepresentation has excited against our veteran leaders. Born, reared and always residing in a Slave State, it will be morally impossible to make anybody believe that he meditates disunion as a means of getting rid of slavery, or that his election would result in disunion. A practical Emancipationist, it would be hard work to make him odious to sane Abolitionists, while we might safely count, in his behalf, on the noisy, malignant, untiring denunciations of the little handful of Disunion Abolitionists who refuse to vote even for Seward or Chase, yet insist on damaging these statesmen by speaking well of them. This little coterie of common scolds, who never emancipated a slave and probably never will, will be certain to aid by their opposition the first practical emancipationist ever nominated for President, whether he be Bates or any one else. "The Old Line Whigs" and other supporters of Fillmore and Donelson in '56 would be compelled to support Bates, if a candidate, or to virtually confess that they oppose him simply because he is adverse to the Extension of Slavery. The Tariff men cannot object to him, for he is fully with them. The River and Harbor men will be glad to hail as a candidate the President of the Chicago River and Harbor Convention. As to the Pacific Railroad, the word St. Louis tells all that need be said on *that* subject.

The gallant Emancipationists of Missouri, who have borne the Free Soil flag aloft in the darkest days, are unanimous and earnest in urging Mr. Bates's nomination. They say that he can carry their State, which we greatly doubt; but he would at least thoroughly contest it, and thereby hasten the day of the consecration of the soil of that noble State to Free Labor alone. So throughout the border line of Slave States: we do not say that Bates would carry one of them, though we believe he would stand a good chance for Maryland and Delaware; but he would have an Electoral Ticket in every one of those States, and a respectable support in each, led by such men as John Bell, H. Winter Davis, John J. Crittenden (we trust), and many others who are not Republican [illegible] to vote even for Seward or Chase, yet insist on damaging these statesmen by speaking well of them. This little coterie of common scolds, who never emancipated a slave and probably never will, will be certain to aid by their opposition the first practical emancipationist ever nominated for President, whether he be Bates or any one else. "The Old Line Whigs" and other supporters of Fillmore and Donelson in '56 would be compelled to support Bates, if a candidate, or to virtually confess that they oppose him simply because he is adverse to the Extension of Slavery. The Tariff men cannot object to him, for he is fully with them. The River and Harbor men will be glad to hail as a candidate the President of the Chicago River and Harbor Convention. As to the Pacific Railroad, the word St. Louis tells all that need be said on *that* subject.

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—But enough for the day. If the Chicago Convention shall see fit to nominate one of our most pronounced Republicans, we shall receive this as authentic evidence that the Republican party is stronger than we had supposed it, and shall go to work with a will to justify that confidence in its strength. If, on the other hand, it shall present the name of Edward Bates, we shall feel a double assurance that the domination of the Slave Power in our National Councils will finally cease and determine on the 4th of March, 1861.

DESPICABLE DIABOLISM IN THE DISTRICT.

From The Tribune.

SOME three months since, two colored men, free citizens of Philadelphia, returned from the Paraguay Expedition on board a government vessel, and were landed at the Navy-Yard in Washington, where they were honorably discharged. Wishing to return home after their long absence in the service of the United States, they repaired to the railroad depôt at Washington to take the cars for Philadelphia, when they were met by a regulation which requires all colored persons, ere they can obtain tickets, to file a bond to indemnify the railroad company against loss in case they shall be claimed as slaves. Having no friends or acquaintances in Washington, of course they could furnish no sureties for such a bond, and so had to abandon the idea of going to Philadelphia for the present; and, finally, they obtained employment as servants at the Avenue House, a hotel in Washington.

But the slave-fiend would not let these innocent young men alone. About ten days since, being still at work at the Avenue House, they were arrested under a municipal regulation or ordinance requiring that persons of African descent coming into Washington shall, have their names registered and pay fifty dollars, or be liable to a fine of ten dollars for every five days that they remain in the city without complying with the ordinance.

These young men, discharged at the Federal Capital from on board a United States vessel, on which they had performed faithful service, when met with this rascally Federal ordinance, knew nothing about the requisition as to registration, and they had no fifty dollars to pay for a license for remaining in Washington. In fact, they did not wish to stay there at all, but were doing their best to go to their homes in Philadelphia when they encountered this oppressive railroad regulation, which compelled them to remain and seek employment on the spot, for doing which they subjected themselves to other penalties.

The fact of the arrest became known to Mr. Potter, Member of Congress from Wisconsin, and Mr. Covode, Member from Pennsylvania, who board at the Avenue House, and upon whom these colored men were in the habit of waiting. They interfered to save them from these oppressive fines. In so doing, they explained the case to the Mayor of Washington. He admitted the law to be a hard one, and suggested that, as these young men were servants at the hotel of Messrs. Potter and Covode, they might properly claim that they (the colored persons) be exempted from the operation of the ordinance as their *servants*; and that, in this way, and this way only, could they be saved from the payment of the $50 each, and a fine of $10 each for every five days during which they had neglected to register their names. Under these circumstances, and at the suggestion of the Mayor, Messrs. Potter and Covode, having meanwhile employed these colored men, addressed notes to the Mayor claiming them as their servants; and thereupon they were discharged.

In return for their humane interference in behalf of these defenceless boys, the press of Washington, and especially *The Constitution*, the organ of Mr. Buchanan, pours out its foulest abuse upon Messrs. Potter and Covode, perverting the facts, representing them as having been purchasing negroes, as trying to evade the municipal laws of Washington, and more of the same sort. Their notes to the Mayor are published, accompanied by characteristic comments. Through whose interposition this turn has been given to the affair, whether by that of the Democratic Mayor, or the officer to whom one-third of the fines were payable, we know not, nor do we care. We aim at higher game than vulgar tipstaffs and brawling newspaper organs, in our comments upon these scandalous transactions. We do not so much blame the officer as the law, nor *The Constitution* newspaper as the system it defends. The Marshal and the journal are but laboring in their appropriate vocation. The former picks up a precarious living by enforcing a code that would be scouted out of the Feejee Islands. The latter coins money by arguing its adaptation to the state of society which exists in Washington.

Turn we, then, to the remedy. This oppressive railroad regulation, and these infamous ordinances, exist by the special permission—nay, more, by virtue of the positive enactments—of Congress. We insist, therefore, that these rules, regulations, ordinances, or whatever name they bear, together with the system of which they are a necessary and homogeneous part, instantly cease at the Federal Capital. And if the denizens of the District demand that this despicable diabolism shall continue in force, then let the Capital be removed to some community where civilization and Christianity are not contraband commodities.

It must not be forgotten that these outrages, that make the blood of freemen turbulent in their veins, are not perpetrated in a slave State; that they are not the legitimate offspring of the peculiar institutions of Virginia, Georgia and Louisiana, with which the North has no right to interfere; but committed right under the eye and by the special permission of Congress, and for which the people of New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio are as directly responsible as if perpetrated under codes enacted at Albany, Harrisburg and Columbus.

We repeat, then, that these wrongs, together with slavery and the slave trade, the fountain-crime whence they flow, shall cease, or the Capital be removed. We are quite in earnest in enforcing this alternative upon the consideration of Congress. The leaders of public opinion in Washington have no claim upon their rulers for forbearance. A bully assails a Senator, with bloody intent, for words spoken in debate, sending him into exile for years, and Washington fines the miscreant $300. An estimable member of the Society of Friends, an old resident, utters the traditionary opinions of his sect against slavery, and Washington arrests, arraigns and imprisons him. During the contest for the Speakership, assassins, armed to the teeth, pack the galleries, threatening death to the Republican Members of Congress, and the press of Washington cheers on the blood-thirsty villains. The publisher of *The National Era* is assailed in the streets, and carries his life in his hands for many weeks, for speaking the sentiments of George Washington, and Washington City applauds. An upright Member of Congress from Pennsylvania utters, to his friends in his own hotel, the current opinion of the country in regard to the imbecility of Virginia in the face of the John Brown raid, and he is waylaid and maltreated in the Capitol grounds by functionaries high in office, and Washington lauds the assailants and jeers at the assailed.

Do such cowardly creatures, does such a demoralized community, deserve any forbearance from freemen? Is it a fit spot, and are such the fit custodians, of the Capital of the Republic? The country demands that these outrages, and their parent cause, cease to exist, or that the seat of government be removed to a spot where freedom of opinion, of speech, of publication, of locomotion, can be respected.

The Capital could hardly be established in a more detestable locality than Washington. Originally a swamp and quagmire, the climate is execrable, engendering rheumatism, chills and fever, pneumonia, bronchitis and cognate diseases. As to the public buildings, erected and being erected, even were they to be utterly abandoned, we doubt whether this would ultimately be a dollar's loss to the country. They are to the last degree ill-contrived. To complete such as are unfinished, upon the scale now contemplated, will cost more than to erect entirely new buildings of suitable descriptions elsewhere. They are mere sticks of jobbery and corruption. Therefore, we trust Congress will not vote a dollar to go on with them until the country sees whether the crimes and villanies of which we complain are to cease. And, if they do not, and it should be finally resolved to change the Capital, then, as the new location would doubtless be accessible from Washington by vessels, if any of the materials in the existing structures were worth transporting thither, they could be taken down, removed, and used in the new edifices. At all events, Congress should not sink another dollar in the present public buildings until these questions are determined—not a dollar.

We have an able Committee in the House of Representatives upon the District of Columbia. A majority of its members are Republicans. They are all men of ability. Will they take action in the premises? The country will expect it.

THE DESPICABLE INTOLERANCE OF VIRGINIA.

MR. HOWISON TO MR. BAYARD TAYLOR.

RICHMOND, Va., Feb. 10, 1860.

BAYARD TAYLOR, ESQ.—*Sir:* Your letter of the 3d inst. has been received, and I am truly sorry that you should consider anything in my last letter personally discourteous or insulting to you.

Certainly such was not my intention, nor do I believe that the letter, in whole or in part, can with fairness be so construed.

It was due, as well to yourself as to those I represented, that, in withdrawing the invitation previously given to you, I should inform you plainly of our reasons for so doing. And your letter in no degree removes or diminishes the force of those reasons.

It was *not* generally known in this community that you were connected with *The N. Y. Tribune*, and the fact of such connection assumed a significance in the light of recent events, which caused open expressions of dissatisfaction.

And when, in addition to this, you inform me that you "hold the opinions of Washington and Jefferson on the subject of slavery," your partial editorship of *The Tribune* indicates a positive sympathy with its doctrines. Washington and Jefferson were great, but human; they lived and died before the subject of slavery had been thoroughly discussed in view of Scripture and reason, and, above all, they died before modern Abolitionism had commenced its pestilential career.

Washington's opinions in favor of emancipation were moderate, and, *in his time*, not objectionable; but Jefferson went much further.

If it be true that you, a scholar and a writer, do *now*, in 1860, hold with Jefferson, that "the whole commerce between master and slave is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions, the most unremitting despotism on the one part, and degrading submission on the other," and, in view of slavery, that you tremble for your country when you reflect that God is just; that His justice cannot sleep forever; that, considering numbers, nature, and natural means only, a *revolution* of the wheel of fortune, *an exchange of situation is among possible events*, "that it may become probable by supernatural interference," and that "the Almighty has no attribute which can take side with us in such a contest"—if such be your present sentiments, then you cannot be surprised to find that you will not be a welcome visitor to a Virginia community.

As to your lecture on Humboldt, I have never heard it; and as it has not been published in full, I have, of course, not read it. But certain extracts from it, and statements of parts of it, have appeared in the papers, *The Tribune* among others, the accuracy of which you have not, within my knowledge, denied. One of these represents you as saying that Humboldt rarely attended Divine service, and that he possessed an unbounded scorn for much that is called religion; that his religious nature was perhaps too deep to find expression by such methods; that, in a conversation with yourself, he uttered a satire upon clergymen, and to this certain remarks of your own are added, from all of which others beside myself had inferred that you vindicated and approved Humboldt's religious belief, although it was Deism, and not a simple faith in the Scriptures as divinely inspired. Whether such be your real sentiments your own conscience only can decide. I pretend not to judge you, but I am bound to draw my own inferences from the indications apparent, and I regret that nothing in your letter removes these unfavorable impressions.

You conclude with the strong words, "Yours for free thought and enlightened Christianity." In a proper sense I unite with you in desiring these blessings; but the very forms of your expression remind me that with many at the North "free thought" has degenerated into "free thinking," or infidelity, and culminated in "free love," and that they have sought to "enlighten" Christianity by holding up in the face of the Sun of Righteousness the smoking taper of their so-called "higher law." For such "free thought and enlightened Christianity" I am *not*, but I am

Yours for Constitutional Liberty, and the Christianity of the Bible, R. R. HOWISON.

MR. TAYLOR'S REPLY.

UTICA, N. Y., Feb. 20, 1860.

SIR: I acquit you of intentional discourtesy, though my own standard of good breeding would lead me to omit such insinuations of infidelity, spiritualism and free-love, as you have seen fit to apply to me. From the tenor of your letter, I am not so much surprised that you should see nothing insulting in the attempt to subject a free man to censorship, not only of speech, but of thought.

It astonishes me, nevertheless, to hear from you that Washington's opinions on slavery were contrary to "Scripture and Reason"—that Jefferson, if now living, "would not be a welcome visitor to a Virginia community"—when I find, in a History of Virginia, written by yourself, this declaration: "The last and most important cause, unfavorably affecting Virginia, which we shall mention, is the existence of slavery within her bounds"—and also this: "We apprehend that, in general, the people of Virginia hold slavery to be an enormous evil, bearing with fatal power upon their prosperity." Allow me to ask whether your history was written by the light of "Scripture and Reason"?

The notices of my lecture on Humboldt, to which you refer, do not correctly represent my expressions. I said "he possessed an unbounded scorn *for the meanness and inconsistency of many loud-mouthed professors of Christianity*," and also repeated a remark of his, satirizing *unworthy* clergymen. I neither stated nor do I believe that he was merely a Deist. It is useless to recapitulate my remarks, because they referred to him alone. I trust I have too much good taste and good sense to intrude my own religious views into lectures which are listened to by members of all Christian sects.

Let me once more urge upon your attention the fact that I am neither a politician nor a theologian, but an author. What my political opinions are concerns no one, so long as I do not proclaim them publicly. For my religious faith I am answerable to God alone. I will enter into no discussion with you upon these points, for I deny your right, or the right of any other man, to catechize me. When I deliver my lectures on "The Arabs," "Arctic Life," and "Moscow" (as I proposed doing at Richmond), your business with me extends no further than to demand that my statements be correct and my narrative entertaining.

Your repeated allusion to "free-love" might have been spared. I shall rejoice as heartily as yourself when the small band of licentious free-lovers disappears from the North, and when a race of mulattoes is no longer propagated at the South.

I cannot join in your closing declaration, when I find that "constitutional liberty" means a tyranny over thought unknown in despotic Austria, and that "the Christianity of the Bible" includes an inquisitorial bigotry from which even Catholic Spain is free.

Yours, BAYARD TAYLOR.

R. R. HOWISON, ESQ.

From The Springfield Republican.

The treatment of Mr. Taylor is only one of many evidences now given daily of the narrow and despicable intolerance bred by the slave system. The proscription and abuse of Northern citizens travelling at the South, the violation of the public mails, the desecration of private letters, the attempt made to compel Northern merchants to sell their principles with their goods—these are all flagrant manifestations of the same spirit, and there is no other despotism on the earth where they find their parallel. We may as well stop our scoffing at Austria. It is in bad taste for Americans any longer to ridicule the despotic espionage of Napoleon over the French press and the mails. We had better concentrate our scorn upon the meaner and more violent despotism at home. When we have secured freedom of speech and the press and of Christian missions in America, it will be time enough for us to devote our benevolent efforts to the deliverance of other nations.

LATER FROM HAYTI.

THE JOHN BROWN MEMORIAL SERVICES—SCENES IN A HAYTI CATHEDRAL.

By the arrival at Boston of the brig Monticello, we have received Hayti papers to the 1st February.

On Friday, January 20, the grand solemn service in memory of John Brown took place at the Cathedral. Although the ceremony did not bear an official character, President Geffrard, with his wife and children, was present.

During the day the flags were all kept at half-mast, and the houses hung with black.

The church was draped in mourning, and in the middle of the nave was erected a cenotaph, covered with crape, and illuminated with lighted wax tapers. The upper part was covered with white drapery, on which were depicted a pen, a sword, and a Bible, with the inscription:

A JOHN BROWN,
MARTYR DE LA CAUSE DES NOIRS.

The services were celebrated with unusual religious pomp. Abbe Moussa, an African, officiated at the High Mass. M. M. Federique and Viesana both pronounced from the pulpit eulogies of John Brown.

In the afternoon, a grand procession was made to the end of the city to a place known as the "Martyr's Cross," where further religious ceremonies took place. The principal citizens of Port-au-Prince have decided to wear mourning badges for three days. The *Revue de Commerce* of January 23, thus speaks on the all-absorbing subject:

"The death of John Brown is a crime of humanity—a bloody defiance against civilization and God. It is, moreover, a political fault of the American government. Who can foresee the results of this immolation? Who can tell what will come to the United States, and especially to the Carolinas and Virginia, who shed this generous blood, notwithstanding all divine laws, the tears of a wife, and the cries of all Europe for mercy?

"For us Haytians, we do not wish to return evil for evil, and we hope that the blood of this glorious martyr will not rise up against his executioners. We pray God to open their eyes and soften their hearts, and, while waiting the happy day of the regeneration of our enslaved brethren, let us raise in our hearts our altar to John Brown, the immortal benefactor of our race, the holy victim of our cause, and let us adopt as our sister and friend his worthy and unfortunate widow.

"Of all the champions of the holy war against the absurd prejudices of color, and the infamous doctrine of the subjugation of one part of the human race to another, John Brown is the most illustrious and most unfortunate. Henceforth, greater than other philanthropists, superior to Wilberforce, his sacred name will be pronounced with a holy respect, worthy of one who has given his life for the regeneration of the oppressed of mankind."

The country was quiet, and the popularity of President Geffrard continued unabated.

After the 1st of April, strangers visiting Hayti must be provided with passports, as necessary in the continental nations of Europe.

PERSUADING A BROWN.

[The following correspondence reminds us of the fable of the Spider and the Fly ("Will you walk into my parlor," &c); though the Fly, in this instance, being a "Brown," was not caught.]

From The Cleveland Leader.

MARSHAL JOHNSON TO JOHN BROWN.

JEFFERSON, Jan. 24th, 1860.

JOHN BROWN, JR., ESQ.—*Sir:* I left at your house, to-day, a summons from the Select Committee of the Senate to appear before said committee on the 30th inst. I regret exceedingly that I was unable to see you, for I think I could have satisfied you that it would be to your interest to appear before the committee. The only objection, I suppose, you can have to do so is the fear that the authorities of Virginia might take advantage of your presence in that region and arrest you and take you to that State.

Of this, I take it upon myself to say you need have no fear. In the letter from Senator Mason, enclosing me the papers, he makes use of this language, viz.: "If you can get an interview or other means of communication with him (John Brown), he may be induced to come under the assurance you can give that, by a late law of Congress, no person who has been examined as a witness before a committee of either House of Congress can afterwards be held to answer upon a criminal charge for any fact or act done or committed by him to which his testimony may refer. Thus, should the witness have done anything in connection with the Harper's Ferry affair which might subject him to prosecution, by testifying before the committee he will be thenceforth exempt from prosecution."

These are the words of Senator Mason, and to that I add a pledge of my sacred honor that if you will appear in Cleveland on Friday morning next, and accompany me to Washington, neither on the way nor in that city shall you be molested, but, after giving your testimony, I will see you safely returned to your home. I propose that on Thursday next you come to Cleveland and see Judge Spalding, Judge Tilden and other friends and consult with them as to the propriety of going as I propose; and, if you make up your mind to go, that we leave that city on the following day. I will also state that I have no warrant for your arrest, nor has there ever been any issued from any source, the assertion to the contrary by *The Cleveland Plaindealer* of last week being an unmitigated falsehood.

I leave this letter with your friend, Smith Edwards, Esq., with whom I have fully conversed on that matter.

Yours, M. JOHNSON.

JOHN BROWN'S REPLY.

DORSET, Ashtabula Co., Ohio, Jan. 25th, 1860.

M. JOHNSON, ESQ., U. S. Marshal, Cleveland, Ohio —*Sir:* I have received your favor of the 24th inst., informing me that you had left at my house a summons from the Select Committee of the United States Senate, commanding me to appear before that committee on the 30th inst.

After a full and careful consideration of the reasons which you offer why I should obey that summons, I have, for two reasons, resolved *not* to do so. The first is that, in going to and returning from Washington, I must of necessity pass within the jurisdiction of either Maryland or Virgin

defending me, and of course I was convicted, and fined $500 each, when I had no more to do with aiding by law than Judge Taney himself, or James A. Bayard, the prosecuting attorney.

From the above statement of facts the public may see how much truth there is in the statement of my friend Jacobs, that I had become rich by the aiding of slaves.

THOS. GARRETT.

THE REAL PERIL OF SLAVERY.

The result of John Brown's effort shows plainly enough that there is no great danger that the slaves of the South will be stirred up to mutiny and insurrection by the efforts of white men. The real peril of the South lies in a quarter where it is not suspected. It is in the increasing physical superiority of the negroes. We were impressed strongly with this idea in reading an account of the fire department of Savannah, Ga. With only two exceptions, the fire companies of that city, thirteen in number, are composed exclusively of negroes. Their semi annual parades are the great holidays of the year. When the fire alarm is given, they turn out with alacrity, dressed in gay uniforms, and the companies vie with each other for distinction in efficiency and promptness quite as much as the white fire companies of our Northern cities. When working at the brakes they sing inspiriting songs in their own "nigger English," like this:

"Fish done put out for sartain!
Ki, yah, whoop!
Fish burn um cotton bale; dis nigger cotch um;
Seven am de boys—Nines wurs as bockra—
Ki-hi-yah!
Whar old Sambo now? good for nuthin nigger!
Couldn't put de fish out nohow, yah!
O, Sevens am de fire-boys—
Put out the fish for sartain—
Save de cotton burning,
Ki-hi-yah!"

The white people of Savannah point Northerners with pride to these black firemen as illustrating the cordial sympathy and loyalty of the black race towards the whites, and as showing the little ground there is for fear from them.

But whither does all this tend? It is the universal testimony that the whites of the slave States are deteriorating, in muscle as well as in moral force of character, while the slaves, by their regular but not excessive labor, their moderate and healthful diet, and their necessary exclusion from enervating habits, are the real men of muscle at the South. Suppose a consciousness of this "strength that slumbers in the peasant's arm" to get awakened in any way among the negroes; suppose the slave States to go on with their mad policy of enslaving the free blacks and so infusing into the plantation gangs a new element of dissatisfaction and revolt; suppose some black exhorter at camp meetings to feel himself inspired to become another Moses and lead his people out by fire and blood from the American Egypt—we start back appalled at the terrible possibility. And yet here lies the real peril of the South—not in the circulation of Helper books and anti slavery publications among the whites, but in some sudden outburst of the enslaved muscle against the over-mastering mind.

The South has a continued dim and vague fear of this catastrophe, but it seems to be blind to the fact that it is a constantly increasing probability, and that the peril is promoted by every expedient resorted to to increase the power of the institution. Let the mad-caps of the South realize their dream of disunion and a Southern republic, and this peril would be increased a thousand fold. The blast of the trumpet that should announce the dissolution of the Union would be the tocsin of insurrection and blood at the South, and the slaveholders must then fight their own battles against the muscle they have educated. —*Springfield Republican.*

ENSLAVEMENT OF FREE NEGROES.

From The Evening Post.

DURING the past few days frequent reference has been made in the columns of *The Evening Post* to bills before the Legislatures of the slave States, for the purpose of prohibiting emancipation in future, if not of reënslaving those who have already been manumitted. An act with both objects in view has passed the Missouri Legislature and received the signature of Governor Stewart. On perusing its various sections—twenty-four in number—one can scarcely help believing that the Apocalyptic prediction is about to be verified—"Wo unto you, inhabitors of the earth and of the sea; for the devil is come down among you, having great power and wrath; because he knoweth that he hath but a short time!" It would actually seem that the great slavery propaganda of North America, conscious that its lease of power has nearly expired, was bent upon making the most of its present opportunities of tyranny and cruelty.

Herod the Great is said to have given orders for the butchery, at the moment of his death, of a large number of the Jewish nobility, to make sure that the nation would go into mourning. Is it with such an object in view that the plantation interest of Missouri, Kentucky and Maryland is making such desperate struggles to heighten the wrong of slaveholding? Had such a law been proposed in the first of those States only, it might be supposed that its collective wisdom had gone on a [illegible] frolic with its Governor; but the supposition will not account for the enormity elsewhere; and we are constrained to look upon the legislation in question as the off-spring of fear and conscious guilt. Where these elements have full sway there is scarcely an enormity at which many individuals will stop short, and the negro bills before us show that the same observation applies with equal force to public bodies.

The Missouri act provides that all free negroes or mulattoes under the age of eighteen, who may be found in that State after the first Monday in September, 1861, shall be bound out as apprentices until reaching the age of twenty-one, when they shall be set free and allowed twelve months for the purpose of leaving the State. Any who may go into and continue inside of its limits for twenty four hours, together with such as are over eighteen and have settled in the State since 1847, are to be notified to depart; and if they fail to comply within twelve months, the sheriff is directed, under a heavy penalty, "to sell said free negro or mulatto at the Courthouse door of the county, to the highest bidder for ready money." The man thus sold is to be to all intents and purposes a slave, as if he had been born in that condition. In addition to these, the act provides that no slave shall be manumitted in the State henceforth, unless his owner shall give security, in the sum of not less than two thousand dollars, that such slave shall leave the State within ninety days. Failure to do so is to be visited with a penalty at least equal to the slave's value at the time of his emancipation.

No, these provisions are not the effects of a drunken frolic, but of malignant hate towards a race which has hitherto returned good for evil. There is too evident a determination to tear up the very foundation stones of the temple of Liberty; to outrage the moral sense of the human race; to afford a proof how rapidly it is possible for a whole people to degenerate from the principles with which they set out—to attribute the legislation to any influence short of the satanic.

A PREACHER DRIVEN FROM HIS WORK.

From The Milford (Del.) News and Advertiser, Feb. 24th.

BENJAMIN BROWN, a colored Methodist preacher, sent by the Conference to labor among the colored people of Milford and Slaughter Neck, was arrested on Friday last, at the instigation of some of the citizens of Slaughter Neck, for being a non-resident. He was taken before Esq. Revill, who was compelled by the law to fine him fifty dollars. He was also ordered to leave the State in five days or again be subject to fine and imprisonment. It seems that besides preaching on Sundays, he had opened a school in which free colored children in great numbers were learning to read and write, and thus excited the opposition that was manifested in enforcing an inhuman law. The preacher is said to be a quiet, peaceable, intelligent man. His work among the free negroes of this vicinity was elevating and improving them; but this many white men are opposed to, never seeming, while they abuse the negroes for their immoral and vicious practices, to consider that it is their ignorance and degradation that make them so, and to remove which intelligence and moral elevation are absolutely necessary. Ignorance is the mother of vice, and knowledge is the father of virtue, among all classes of men.

Many of our citizens have signed a petition to the Judge for this county for a permit to allow Brown to remain and attend to the duties to which he has been assigned by Bishop Scott; but the Judge has not yet granted it. Brown was ordained a Deacon in the Church by Bishop Waugh, late of Baltimore, and to Elder's orders by Bishop Baker.

A son of Brown was also engaged in teaching in Milford, but, on receiving notification, he left the town and probably the State.

"Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto *one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.*"

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS IN KENTUCKY.

From The Cincinnati Commercial, February 21.

WE are reliably informed that the Grand Jury of Campbell County, Kentucky, had, last week, the case of the destruction of the printing material in the office of the *Free South* (Bailey's paper) before it, and occupied the greater part of two days in hearing evidence in the case, and determining what should be done about it. After hearing the evidence, they found a true bill against about a score of persons for engaging in a riot. The State's Attorney, learning the fact, proceeded to argue the case before the jury, and assured them that it was law that, where a nuisance existed that could not be reached by process of law, it was the prerogative of the people to assemble and peaceably abate that nuisance. He contended that there was no evidence that violence had been used. The fact upon which he relied for justification in the assertion was that no testimony had been presented the jury to show that force had been employed to enter the house. Nothing had been said by the witnesses about breaking down the front door. The jury was not altogether satisfied that the law was as declared by the State's Attorney, and sought the opinion of Judge Moor on the subject, and the Judge told them the law was as had been laid down by the Attorney, whereupon the jury reconsidered the action taken, and quashed the bill. Now, it is certainly a very interesting question to citizens of Kentucky, whether the law regarding the abatement of nuisances is as is held by Judge Moor. If it is, such abatement may become a very serious business to many property holders of the State. It appears in the Newport case the nuisance consisted in certain type, machinery, ink and paper. Wm. S. Bailey was not the nuisance. He has not been abated. He is still a citizen of Kentucky. It is to be hoped that Kentuckians will consider these things dispassionately.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1860.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

NOTICE.

A NUMBER of our subscribers who are receiving their bills about this time will observe that a fraction over the usual price of the paper is charged. It is proper to explain that this difference is made that the year for which they have subscribed may be brought in accordance with the year of the volume. For instance, a subscriber whose year expires April 2d is charged 24 cents additional, so that he may begin the year hereafter in May with No. I. of the new volume. The arrangement is both for his convenience and ours.

THE EVIL EXAMPLE OF AMERICA.

WE are afraid that we are getting to be the Model Republic, after all. Not the model for our virtues, but for our vices; not for our freedom, such as it is, but for our despotism and our servility. There used to be a theory abroad that the continental despotisms and the English aristocracy were jealous of our free and equal institutions, and dreaded the effect of our example on their own dependent populations. They, probably, did not think much about us, in any way, and rather looked upon America as a little kind of Botany Bay, to which their more uneasy and dangerous subjects might transport themselves at their own expense and be out of their way. But wiser intelligence now prevails in all circles of despotic tendencies, and tyrants know that they can take lessons and draw examples from us that can profit them well. They see now how hollow is the pretence of a National Liberty in the United States, and how constant is the tendency and the strife on the part of the central government to subdue the free institutions which yet linger in the more northern of the States. This has been the history of despotism all the world over. Centralization has been the stone cut out of the mountain without hands which has crushed one fastness of Liberty after another and ground them to powder, and with them the hopes and the spirit of those that looked to them for protection and safety. It was only the good luck or the good providence which gave the English patriots the victory in this struggle during the last half of the seventeenth century that has left one monument of a Free Nation, and that has made it to differ from France and from Italy.

The failure of our experiment of Constitutional Liberty, as a nation, is one that naturally and justly gives encouragement and comfort to all the tottering tyrannies of Continental Europe. They have only to point to this country to demonstrate the difference which exists in favor of their institutions over ours. In all parts of Austria, of Russia, of France, and all their dependencies, a liegeman may go where he will, subject to certain police regulations, and be protected everywhere by the power of their Emperors. If they only consent to the theory of their government and obey its published laws, they are safe from all molestation, and may abide where it seems to them good. There can never get beyond the shadow of the imperial sceptre which is swayed, in theory at least, for their good only. In one-half of this country the national government has no power whatever to protect the persons or the property of its citizens, and it makes no pretension to possess any such. The grossest outrages, murder and robbery included, can be committed on harmless travellers or useful residents, without even an attempt at redress on the part of the government whose right to exist at all arises from the protection it should give to its weakest members. And all this is done not as a punishment for any heretical views in politics, any schismatic deviations from the fundamental ideas of the nation, but for an honest reception and an open avowal of them, more often from a simple suspicion that they are thus tainted. The deadly sin which knows no pardon and no remission is the belief that all men are created free and equal, and endowed by their Creator with the inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, the doctrine which is the very corner-stone of our political edifice.

In what respect is the condition of a Northern man who finds himself, where he has a perfect legal right to be, in a slave State, who is guilty only of holding opinions which it is strictly legal to hold, different from that of a subject of Austria, Russia or France who holds and expresses opinions antagonistical to those tyrannies? None whatever, excepting that in the European despotisms the accused would have, probably, a chance of defending himself and showing that the charge against him was not well grounded. Martial law is bad enough, but the victim has some kind of chance of a hearing. Lynch law, whether administered by the mob in person or by its accredited representatives on the bench, is vastly more inexorable and inevitable. There is no domain of tyranny in Europe or Asia where so rigid an espionage is kept up, where so fierce a Reign of Terror is established and maintained, where suspicion starts up so swiftly into execution, as in the Southern half of the United States. Wherein is such a government better than those under which liberal spirits pine and against which they are burning to rise up? The Republic thus acts as a Model to the despots and as a Warning to their victims. It betters the instructions of tyranny which it has inherited from the Old World, and it chills the hearts yearning for a better state of things by the vision of the crimes committed in the name of liberty. And when, in addition to these atrocities, the attempts of the controlling power of the nation to extend its sway into the Free States, and to pervert the institutions and to corrupt the hearts of their inhabitants to a base and servile submission, are made manifest to them, it is only wonderful that they should still retain their faith in ideas which have been thus put to an open shame, where their worship is the avowed creed of the people.

How desperate is the struggle against this predominant power is to be seen from the concessions made to it by the very party which it has called into existence by the natural law of antagonism. The Republican party not merely disclaims, in the most emphatic terms, any design to interfere with slavery in the States—which it could not hold without acknowledging itself a revolutionary movement—but accepts all the villanies incorporated into law as accomplished facts, not to be disturbed. The Fugitive Slave law is left untouched; no attempt is proposed to undo the bands of wickedness that connect us with Texas and the conquered provinces of Mexico—provinces conquered solely for the vile uses of slavery. Should the Republican party prevail next autumn, its President would be compelled to execute all the behests of the Slave Power as scrupulously as any Democrat could do, excepting that he might veto an act erecting a Territory into a slave State, could one pass through Congress. The Republicans are as loud in their professions of loyalty to the Union, as it stands, as the basest of the sycophants of slavery. Their purpose plainly is to approach as nearly as they can to the base subserviency of the Democrats without endangering their hold on the Northern masses, which make up the strength of their party. For when we say "Republicans," we mean only the leaders, who are intoxicated with the near approach to power, and seem but too ready to make unworthy concessions to clutch it. The body of the party, who have no personal ambitions or selfish ends to gratify, we believe to be sincerely anti-slavery, who act with their party in the faith that it is really such. The gamesters that play the game may perhaps overreach themselves and find that they have lost the stakes through the very eagerness to win them. It is a consummation devoutly to be wished, unless they are ready to go into the fight with "Irrepressible Conflict" written on their banners, and a determination to have no Union unless it be one worth having written upon their hearts.

The corruption which our evil communications work in the good manners of other nations is but too visible even in England. The great newspaper which bestrides the narrow world like a Colossus reads more like *The Journal of Commerce*, or some trading paper of New York or Boston, than like the organ of the freest nation on earth, and the one which led the way in the Emancipation of the Negro. The inauspicious thunderings of *The Times* find but too ready an echo in but too many of the London and provincial papers. *The Spectator* has always been pro-slavery, since we have known it; but its spirit has been qualified by an infusion of the worser sort of Yankeeism within the last three or four years. John Bright himself, and *The Star* which shines on his path, seem to think that the political disabilities of the masses in England an evil which should throw the moral annihilation of the slaves into the shade. In his recent Reform speech Mr. Bright had many a word of praise to say of the absence of debt in the United States, but not one of condemnation of its slavery. Mr. Cobden seems to regard American slave-grown cotton as the complement of Lancashire and Yorkshire cotton-spinning, and to incline to keep the blood on the staple out of sight so it be but merchantable. We should fear that the current of public feeling was turning backward did we regard only what is written and spoken. But, we believe that the British heart is yet sound on this subject, and that, when the fitting occasion offers, the voice of the nation would be again heard on the right side. The venerable Henry Brougham, who did not, like Pulteney, "sink into insignificance and a peerage" at once, has again uplifted his testimony and demanded the attention of the nation to this crime against the race and against God. Perhaps he will renew the conflict which he led on a quarter of a century ago to victory, and give new courage and wisdom to those who are now in the thick of the fight. Thus it may be that our Republic may yet become a Model of good instead of evil to the world, by taking example from the monarchy from which our fathers severed themselves, and by receiving strength and encouragement from a generous working with those who have put it so far in advance of what we have substituted for it, in true appreciation and vindication of national liberty.

LETTER FROM STEPHEN S. FOSTER.

The figures in parentheses () in the following letter refer to the editorial notes that follow it.—*Editor.*

WORCESTER, Feb. 22, 1860.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

YOUR comments upon my letter in the last number of THE STANDARD I have read with much care, and I regret to say that they seem to me neither ingenuous nor just; nor are they in all cases sufficiently regardful of the facts. I must, therefore, ask the privilege of a rejoinder.

To your complaint of my "long delay in seeking redress for such a grievance," I have only to say that I have given to the subject the first leisure which I could command from other and more pressing engagements. It is not redress, however, which I have sought, but merely to put myself right before your readers;(1) and as I cannot see that the merits of the subject have been in any way affected by this delay, your objection to its being now called up seems to me without weight.

To your charge of "exaggeration" I have nothing to reply. It is an opinion merely, and as such I trust it will have its due weight.

Your complaint of a wish, on my part, to "curtail your right of criticism," I regard as entirely gratuitous. I have not objected to the expression of any opinion which you might entertain touching the importance of the subject on which I have chosen to write. I had never asked, nor thought of asking, you to deem it important. We are not apt to think the opinions of others important when they differ from our own. What I complained of was that, while professing to invite free discussion, you DARD, on a subject which *I* deemed important, before parading before your readers the charge of unwarrantable demand upon your "precious space," and accompanying it with what I could not but regard as due notice to quit. In your remarks upon my last article on Mr. Beecher, after torturing my language in a most unwarrantable manner, attributing to me sentiments which had no existence except in your own imagination, and that, too, with an evident purpose to make my positions appear absurd and ridiculous,(2) you closed by expressing the hope that *you should "not have occasion to refer to the subject again."*(3) If it was not your intention, by this remark, to debar me from a further hearing upon the subject, you were, to say the least, unfortunate in the selection of your language.

Your justification of your course in this matter, so far as it rests upon an alleged insignificance of the subject, does not impress me as entitled to much merit. If the subject was of little importance, in your estimation, why did you not suffer my views of it to pass without comment, and thus save both time and "space"? Even if they had misled your readers, it would have been of little consequence, if the subject of the error was of no moment.(4)

But what, in fact, was this subject which, in your judgment, was of too little significance to entitle it to the occupancy of three columns of THE STANDARD? It was not the character of Mr. Beecher. It was not the fidelity of the Editor of THE STANDARD. It was, in fact, no other than that which was then threatening, and still threatens, to divide the American Anti-Slavery Society; a subject the agitation of which has already resulted in the dismissal of one of its agents, and the resignation of another. Translated into a single sentence, the question involved in that discussion stands thus: Shall we recognize as Abolitionists, and friends of our cause, those who talk well against slavery, but in their action still persist in upholding it?(5) You had commended Mr. B. for advocating one of the fundamental principles of our Association, viz., the duty of *coöperative* action among the friends of the slave, whatever might be their views on other subjects—while, at the same time, you well knew he had refused to make that principle the rule of his action in relation to our movement. In our subsequent discussion of the matter you endeavored to maintain the propriety of your course. I, on the contrary, contended that anti-slavery teaching, without corresponding practice, had no merit in itself; that it was an injury, and not a help, to our cause; and that we had more to fear from *such* friends than from open and avowed enemies, inasmuch as they had more influence over the honest, but not well-informed, portion of the community, and the ignorant were much more likely to *follow the example* of their teachers than to heed their precepts. The point here involved is precisely the one which has so long divided and distracted us in relation to the Republican party, some of us regarding that party as an auxiliary, while others regard it only as an obstacle.(6) It was for maintaining our own honest convictions upon this very subject, as against the opinions of those who regard the party as an auxiliary to our movement, that Mr. Pillsbury, Mrs. Foster, Mr. Howland, myself, and others, were arraigned in the columns of THE STANDARD, by an official correspondent, on the charge of "manifesting a fretful and narrow spirit," of "scolding and vituperation," of "throwing obstacles in your way," of consuming "your *precious hours* by impeachments which the world sees to be groundless," of "wasting your time and force and your great occasions" on "cavils," of "disturbing your force while in full march on the battle-field," &c., and were coolly admonished to "either defer to the sense of the proved leaders of the cause or undertake a department where they can do their own work in their own way." And such, I regret to say, is the feeling of intolerance prevalent among us upon this subject, that this proposition to either subjugate the consciences of a portion of our number to the opinions of "proved leaders" or divide our ranks met with no editorial protest from either THE STANDARD or *The Liberator.*(7) Are we to be told that such a subject is of too little consequence to claim the attention of the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society?

It was not with any special reference to Mr. Beecher's particular case that I wrote my strictures on your notice of him; but it was to aid in establishing what seemed to me a correct rule of judgment in regard to anti-slavery professions generally, and also to point out what I regard as the most formidable hindrances to our progress. I took Mr. B.'s case as an illustration of the principle I wished to establish, simply because your notice of him happened to fall under my eye, just at the moment when I was at liberty to write.(8) But his case was by no means peculiar. THE STANDARD is constantly presenting similar cases, any one of which would have answered my purpose equally well. That some of your readers, at least, understood my object in this light is evident from the fact that our late lamented friend, Charles F. Hovey, proposed to publish the discussion in pamphlet form, with such additions and corrections as either of us might feel disposed to make, for the purpose of giving it a wider circulation; and this object would have been accomplished but for his untimely death.

You say, "Mr. Foster, never having intimated a wish to expound his anti-slavery theories in our columns, had never been excluded by us," &c. Were not my articles on your notice of Mr. Beecher an expression of my anti-slavery theories? And, furthermore, was not our controversy upon that subject solely the result of a difference in our theories? It was to my views upon the proper treatment of such Republicans as Mr. Beecher, who, in the main, *talk* right, but *act* wrong, rather than to my opinions of the necessity of an anti-slavery political party, that I referred in my note, last summer, as you might have inferred from the fact that it was those views, which I hold in common with Mr. Pillsbury, Mrs. Foster and Mr. Howland, to which Mrs. Martineau evidently refers, when she calls upon us to either defer to the sense of "proved leaders," or leave the Society.

You assign two reasons for supposing that I did not wish to advocate my views of an anti-slavery political party in the columns of THE STANDARD; viz., 1st, because I had urged that scheme upon the attention of my associates, year after year, "without making so much as one convert"; and, 2d, because I had "constantly complained that my views had been misunderstood or misrepresented." It is true that I have complained that my views have been both misunderstood and misrepresented. That these complaints have not been without reason I need refer only to your own columns for ample proof,(9) though the responsibility of these misrepresentations, in the main, rests not with the editor. But the fact that these misrepresentations have been circulated through your columns seems to me to furnish one of the strongest reasons why I should wish to be heard through the same channel.(10) If my views have any merit in them, it is certainly my duty to guard them, as far as possible, from misconception; and it strikes me that I ought not to be commended for neglect of this duty, even though the motive were peace in our ranks. Such commendation seems to me as much misplaced as that bestowed upon Mr. Beecher for defending the principles of our Society, while, at the same time, he declined any association with us.

As to your other reasons for supposing that I did not wish a hearing in your columns, I do not feel its force, even if we grant your fact, as alleged. If you regard *want of success* as a sufficient reason for abandoning the advocacy of a theory, you should certainly advise the American Anti-Slavery Society to renounce its "no-voting theory" at once, for it is notorious that, instead of multiplying converts to that theory, it is gradually losing the support of many who formerly held it.

But I desire to know upon what authority, and for what purpose, you make the statement that I have not made "even so much as one convert."(11) Was it your object to hedge up my way by depreciating my labors? Such must inevitably be the effect of statements like this, and yet they have been frequently made before by those who ought to exhibit a more candid and liberal spirit. As to the statement itself, it is utterly untrue, if you mean by it that I am alone in these views, or even the public advocacy of them. At least two of the former agents of one of our Societies have long been known as their advocates, while several young men of education and influence have recently become interested in them, notwithstanding the formidable opposition of the leading influences of the American Anti-Slavery Society. Such, indeed, is the extent to which these views have obtained among the more reflecting class of anti-slavery men that, should such a party be organized the present season, I think we may reasonably anticipate for it a more liberal support, in point of numbers, than has ever been given to the Disunion movement. I will only add, in conclusion, that undue confidence in our own peculiar views and modes of action not unfrequently blinds our eyes, not only to the merits of opposing opinions, but also to their progress.

You pronounce my expression of regret that "some of [illegible] and economy of free discussion" "ridiculous—destitute of even a shadow of foundation." My authority for this intimation is nothing less than your own statement of the matter. You asserted that a "large number, if not a majority," of my associates have thought the discussion of my scheme for the organization of an anti-slavery political party "both disagreeable and unprofitable," and on that account you thought it "creditable to my good sense" to refrain from introducing it into your columns. This testimony to the unwilliugness of a large number of my old associates to have my views upon this subject introduced upon our platform is both direct and explicit. Not less so is the admission of your own reluctance to having them introduced by me into the columns of THE STANDARD.(12) And yet they have been repeatedly introduced therein in forms distorted and misshapen by their opponents. In more than a single instance have you published speeches in opposition to them, but never a word from my own lips or pen in their behalf.(13) Is this faith in free discussion?

My intimation that "whole pages of THE STANDARD were given up to the advocacy of the Republican party, while a few columns were grudged to those who desire to expose the faithlessness of that party and of its clerical advocates and defenders," you "affirm to be defamatory," and you "appeal to the record." I also appeal to the record. I did not intimate that *you* have advocated the Republican party, but that you had given up "whole pages" of the paper to others for this purpose, while, at the same time, you had grudged to me a few columns in which to defend the views of the "little clique"(14) whose "shibboleths" you told us on another occasion, "seeming to us to be compounded of *misconceptions, exaggerations and hyperbolical extravagances* we cannot frame to pronounce." If you demand the proof of this statement, in chapter and verse, I will run over the files of THE STANDARD for this purpose; and if I do not point out *many* pages of speeches, and other documents, put forth by prominent Republicans for the express purpose of advocating the claims of the party, I will publicly acknowledge the justice of your rebuke.(15) Till then, I simply reaffirm the statement, and add that these documents have generally appeared unaccompanied by a single word of protest, though many of them have abounded in the most subtle and dangerous errors.

You claim to have been in the "constant habit of criticizing the Republican party and exposing its sins." That you have done this *in your way* I cheerfully admit. *The Liberator* and the "proved leaders" have done the same. Yet, all the while, that party has been making head against us, not only using up, for its own selfish purposes, all the anti-slavery feeling which our labors from year to year create, but gradually thinning our ranks by taking here and there an old and veteran soldier. The fact that, in our conflict with the Republican party, we are daily losing ground(16) ought, it seems to me, to impress our "leaders" that possibly there may be something wrong in our tactics, and make them, at least, more tolerant towards the "little clique" who would urge a more aggressive policy.

I regret the necessity of extending this communication to so great length, but, in justice to myself, I could not say less. I will only add that, having some confidence in the soundness and importance of my views, both in regard to the best method of opposing that phase of slaveholding which presents itself in an anti-slavery garb, and also of the importance of a genuine anti-slavery political party, I should have been happy to argue these points in the columns of THE STANDARD. But as those with whom rests the responsibility of directing those columns to the most valuable results think they might be more profitably devoted to others, I shall press no "claims to a hearing" on the ground of a "life-long devotion to the cause," but shall seek another channel of communication with the public. (17)

S. S. FOSTER.

REMARKS BY THE EDITOR.

1. This, it strikes us, is a distinction without a difference. The desire to set himself *right* before our readers implies a belief that we had set him *wrong*; and Worcester's first definition of the word *redress* is conveyed almost in Mr. Foster's own words, viz., "to set right." The proper time to put himself right was, of course, the time when the subject was fresh in the minds of our readers—not five months after the occurrence, when most of them had forgotten it; and the fact that he remained silent for so long a time seemed almost to justify the inference that his late communication had some ulterior purpose.

2. The charge of "torturing" Mr. Foster's language, for any purpose, least of all for such a motive as he attributes to us, we must repel. We affirm with conscious sincerity that we meant to treat him with the utmost fairness; and if we failed to do so, our readers, with his words before them, were able to decide between us. Is it strange that the man who think it no violation of the laws of courtesy to accuse us of torturing his language for a dishonorable purpose is himself so exceedingly sensitive that he cannot bear to be told that the subject he is discussing is not of sufficient importance to occupy much of our space?

3. This hope was sincerely cherished, and, we think, not improperly avowed; but Mr. Foster knows right well that we would as soon have cut off our right hand as debarred him from an opportunity to correct what he regarded as a misrepresentation of his language. Our editorial life, covering a period of nearly thirty years, is familiar to him; and we challenge him, or even our worst enemy, to point to a single instance in which we have refused an opponent an opportunity to correct what he deemed a misrepresentation. Never till now had we the remotest idea that he thought himself misrepresented by us in the discussion alluded to. We cannot think it right on his part, considering our relations to each other and to the cause, that he has waited nearly a year before offering this impeachment, and offered it now only to give a seeming plausibility to what we must regard as a distortion of our words, though we do not think it was designed.

4. The main topic of Mr. Foster's communication—i. e. the personal consistency of Mr. Beecher—did seem to us of too little consequence to occupy much room; but having consented to print what he wrote, we thought it well to criticize some of his statements and theories. If there is any inconsistency here between profession and practice, we are unable to see it.

5. We cannot admit this to be a fair statement of the question. We have never recognized Mr. Beecher and the members of the Republican party as Abolitionists, except in some qualified acceptation of that term. The question here presented by Mr. Foster has never, to our knowledge, been discussed upon the anti-slavery platform or in the anti-slavery papers. Certainly it is *not* the question upon which Mr. Foster and others have taken issue with Mr. Garrison, the American and Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Societies, the New England Convention, &c.

6. We deny that Mr. Garrison and those agreeing with him have ever treated the Republican party as an "auxiliary" of the American Anti-Slavery Society; and we refer, in confirmation of this denial, to the resolutions adopted by that Society from year to year since the party was formed. Mr. Foster's generalizations do not truly state the point at issue.

7. Why should *we* "protest" against Mrs. Martineau's utterance of her honest opinion and advice? She spoke solely upon her own responsibility and in the exercise of that very freedom of discussion which Mr. Foster prizes so highly for himself. Our columns were, of course, open to him and to the other parties alluded to for reply.

8. We certainly cannot be held responsible for not seeing in Mr. Foster's letters a purpose which he did not avow. If his criticism of Mr. Beecher was only an *incident* of what he designed as a broad discussion in our columns of general principles, why did he not disclose his primary as well as his incidental object? When we spoke of the length of his articles as out of proportion to the point at issue, we alluded, as our language clearly shows, to the question of Mr. Beecher's personal consistency, and had no thought of restricting Mr. Foster's right of general discussion of the points of difference between himself and THE STANDARD.

9. Why did not Mr. Foster promptly avail himself of our columns to correct the misrepresentations to which he refers, and of which we were wholly unconscious? They were contained, it seems, in reports of the proceedings of the New England Anti Slavery Convention, sent to us, year after year, from Boston, and printed by us without a suspicion that we were doing him wrong.

10. Certainly, but the "wish" cannot be supposed to have been very strong, since Mr. Foster has been silent under the alleged misrepresentations for years, so far as our columns are concerned.

11. Our only authority for saying that Mr. F. had not made even so much as one convert was the common report that he had himself made that statement from the platform.

12. Does Mr. Foster mean to affirm that there can be no such thing as an "unprofitable" discussion upon the anti-slavery platform—none that would be "disagreeable" even to himself? Has he no choice as to the topics that may occupy the platform or the columns of the anti-slavery press, provided only that the mill of free discussion is kept running? Unless he is prepared to make this broad declaration, his charge that we "lack faith in the safety and economy of free discussion," merely because we think a controversy on a particular point would be "unprofitable," is palpably ridiculous.

13. How *could* we print anything from Mr. Foster's "lips" or "pen," when he gave us nothing from either?

14. Why does Mr. Foster quote, as from us, a phrase that we never used? We have never employed against him, or any of those agreeing with him, any invidious epithet whatever.

15. The plain implication of what Mr. Foster said was that we had published "whole pages" *in the interest of the Republican party*, while we begrudged him a small space in which to expose its true character; whereas we have printed some of the speeches of such Republicans as Seward, Sumner, Chase and Wilson, not to serve the cause of the party, but to keep our readers informed as to their sayings and doings, so that our and their criticisms and rebukes of the party and its leaders might be intelligently bestowed. If we have not always accompanied those speeches with special criticism, it is because we have thought our readers might sometimes be trusted to make due application of the general principles advocated in these columns.

16. We do not admit—nay, we deny this statement; but we cannot stop now to discuss the matter.

17. Very well; we have discharged our duty to him, to the American Anti-Slavery Society and the cause of free speech by offering him the use of our columns to present his views. If he chooses to go elsewhere for a hearing, we have no right or disposition to complain.

SLAVEHOLDING IN PENNSYLVANIA.

THE Rev. John Miller, of Lexington, Rockbridge Co., Va., son of the late Dr. Samuel Miller, of Princeton, N. J., brought to Philadelphia a slave woman to wait upon his wife as child's nurse. The woman was Mr. Miller's *property*, having come into his possession by the right of his wife—who, by the way, is a daughter of the late Gov. McDowell of Virginia, and was formerly the wife of the eccentric Gov. Thomas of Maryland, from whom she was divorced. Mr. Miller brought the woman to Philadelphia as his slave, and held her there as such, contrary to the laws of Pennsylvania. She, being an intelligent person, though uneducated, soon learned that her master held her without just authority; that by the law she was at liberty to go at large, and work for wages, and she was not long in availing herself of her privileges. She took leave of her Reverend owner on the evening of the 23d ult., and sought a roof where her rights would be respected and her services rewarded.

We understand that Mr. Miller is going about among his friends and others in Philadelphia bemoaning the step taken by Jenny (Jenny Buchanan is her name) and professing that his sole concern is on her account. To be sure, he says she was worth $1,200 in Virginia, but that is not the aspect of the case that troubles him; it is her interests, not his, that lie like a burden upon his spirit.

Jenny, however, takes quite a different view of the matter. She is as happy as a bird in her newly-acquired liberty, with the only exception that now and then she fears her quondam *owner* may some how or other get his reverend clutches on her. That thought appals her; she would put up with anything, or, in her own phrase, she "would rather be shot" than go back and be his slave again. Her old master and mistress were very kind to Jenny and the rest of the servants, and allowed them many privileges, but Mr. Miller, into whose hands she and they fell, had taken their privileges all away. They could not now have their chickens and pigs, as in the days of their old master; their work was harder and their privileges fewer, and, as a consequence, they all detested their new master most cordially.

We are not aware that our friends in Philadelphia intend taking any steps toward bringing this Reverend offender against their laws to justice; but we are very sure that if a Pennsylvanian in Virginia were even to *speak* against a law of that Commonwealth on the subject of slavery, to say nothing at all of an overt violation of it, he would very soon be waited upon by a Vigilance Committee and summarily dealt with. But Philadelphia people don't believe in mob justice, nor in retaliatory measures even when sanctioned by law. They will be content, when they hear that the woman is safe, to let the Reverend culprit slide. "We must not expect too much," they will say, "from a man bred under the influence of Princeton divinity, and whose ministerial conduct on the subject of slavery has the sanction of a body so respectable as that of the Old School Presbyterian Church." Perhaps they are right; and, having put the facts of the case in a fair way of receiving a proper airing in the newspapers, we are prepared to acquiesce in their judgment.

THE TRIBUNE'S CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT.

WE have placed on the first page an article from *The Tribune*, in which the editor of that paper avows his preference for EDWARD BATES of Missouri as the Republican candidate for the Presidency. The article has excited great astonishment among radical Republicans, who supposed, in their simplicity, that a journal which *seemed* to be so thoroughly opposed to slavery, and which for years had bombarded it with every missile known to moral and political warfare, might at least be depended upon to support for the Presidency some representative man of the party, like Seward or Chase. They are both disappointed and mortified to see it, on the eve of the Presidential struggle, attempting to lead the party into a deeper quagmire of compromise, and to induce it to accept as its candidate an old Fugitive Slave law Whig, who never even professed to be a Republican, and who, in 1850, was a partisan of Millard Fillmore! The *Abolitionists*, however, are not at all surprised by this lurch of *The Tribune* on the pro-slavery side, for they have long seen that it lacked not only the moral principle, but even the worldly wisdom necessary to make it a safe leader in such a conflict as that in which the American people are now engaged.

Who is Edward Bates? And what are his principles on the subject of slavery? He is a citizen of St. Louis, an old man and a lawyer of considerable eminence. He was a Henry Clay Whig until the Whig party ceased to exist, and then he joined himself to the party represented by Millard Fillmore in 1856. He is not a slaveholder, professes to regard slavery as an evil, and to be earnestly opposed to its extension into new territories. In November last, the St. Louis *Evening News*, speaking in his interest, gave a careful and extended exposition of his political sentiments, which it afterwards declared was accepted by him in all its parts. From that exposition we shall quote enough to show our readers what sort of man *The Tribune* seeks to place in the Presidential chair.

Mr. Bates Pronounces Slavery Extension an Abstraction.

"The principle of the Kansas Nebraska bill, in the shape of Squatter Sovereignty, has rendered the introduction of slavery into territories *impossible*; and the passage of that bill is the work of the national Democracy. *Mr. Bates merely holds as a* PRINCIPLE *that which the Democracy have established as a* FACT. THE QUESTION OF SLAVERY EXTENSION IS NO LONGER BEFORE THE PEOPLE. *It is discussed now only as* AN ABSTRACTION."

Mr. Bates adheres to the Rights of Property in Slaves.

"If Mr. Bates does not believe slavery to be a wise and useful institution—if he is opposed to its extension into Territories already free—HE NEVERTHELESS JUST AS FIRMLY ADHERES TO THE RIGHTS OF PROPERTY IN SLAVES, IN ALL THE STATES WHERE SLAVERY EXISTS, AND WILL GO JUST AS FAR TO PROTECT THE RIGHTS OF STATES IN THAT SPECIES OF PROPERTY, AS LONG A

AN INTERESTING CASE.

It is a poor rule that will not work both ways. If the argument of "amalgamation," whether in high or low life, is good for anything, it is irrefragable against slavery. Read the following:

ATTEMPT TO ELOPE WITH A SLAVE.—We learn that last week a young lady of extraordinary beauty and superior attainments, the daughter of wealthy and respectable parents of Sampson County, attempted to elope with a negro fellow, the property of her cousin. To a friend we are indebted for the following particulars: Their elopement had been planned for several weeks, but, a favorable opportunity not presenting, it was postponed from time to time. An opportunity offering favorable to her nefarious designs, she told the negro to be in readiness at the designated place and time. When the hour arrived, she crept silently from her father's house, and soon joined the negro, who was waiting with a horse and buggy, which he had stolen from a neighbor, carrying the buggy on his shoulder two hundred yards to the main road; the two then left and proceeded towards the railroad. Being short of funds, it was necessary for the lady to call upon one of her father's friends, telling him that he (her father) wished him to loan her a hundred dollars, at the same time handing him a note, which, upon an examination, proved to be worthless, as it had no signature affixed. The gentleman informed her that he would have willingly loaned her the required sum if her father's signature had been to the note; but as that important part was neglected, he could not do it. She then went with the negro to Faison's dépôt, on the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad, where she expected to take the cars, and offered the horse and buggy for sale at terms so low that at once aroused suspicions that all was not as it should be. Several questions were put to her, all of which she answered with so much plausibility that a bystander volunteered to lend her money, but, before doing so, desired to see the bill of sale for the negro, which she affirmed she had. She procured it, but, like the note, it was not signed, and also contained several other errors. The citizens then determined to arrest them, and acted accordingly, whereupon the young lady made a clean breast of the whole affair, publicly expressing that it was her determination to marry the black rascal when she got to the North. The negro was immediately taken and lodged in Clinton jail, but has since been carried off and disposed of. The young lady remained at Faison's a few days, and then returned to her friends. As she is young and beautiful, of superior accomplishments, and has numerous relatives and friends, and heretofore moved in the most respectable society, it is to be regretted that she acted so improperly and unbecoming a lady.

Of course, when the "irrepressible conflict" journalists hear of it, they will extol her many virtues to the skies, and make a great to do generally.—*Raleigh (N. C.) Democratic Press.*

If it be said that such cases are comparatively rare in the South, we reply so are newspapers and newpaper reporters. If these abounded there as they do at the North, with the same emulation and care to bring to light every dark deed that happens, what revelations would be presented to the public!

THE COMMERCIAL DEFINITION OF CHARITY.

MASSILON, Feb. 21st, 1860.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PLEASE once more to print the short article copied from *The Journal of Commercial Christianity* (in THE STANDARD of the 18th inst.), giving that pious paper's *definition* of "Charity." (1) Allow me the space also to call the attention of that *charitable* sheet to a story, told "a long time ago" by one Luke, which goeth to show that father Giddings and the writer of the *Journal* article are not the first lawyer and *pious person* who have differed about a definition.

Of course, THE STANDARD being an infidel sheet, *you* have no Bible; therefore, if *The Journal of Commercial Christianity* should have mislaid its volume, or worn it out in quoting it at impious Abolitionists, the editors will have to send out their "devil" (I mean their *young man*, for they, *of course*, don't keep t' other *article*) and borrow the volume of *The Observer*, or of brother Bennett of *The Herald*; and when they have the Book, if they will turn to the 10th chapter of Luke's writings, and begin at the 25th verse, they will find it commencing thus: "And behold a certain lawyer stood up," &c., &c.; and the story continues to the 37th verse, and showeth that this lawyer and Christ differed, at least at first, as to the term "neighbor," as widely as *lawyer* Giddings and *The Journal* editor seem to do, but with this difference, viz., that in one case the *lawyer* seems to have got the *worst* of the argument, and in the other the *best* of it!

MORAL! (for *The Journal of Commercial Christianity*). Never rely *entirely* on *Noah* Webster for *definitions*, nor on *Daniel* for morals!

J. M. B.

(1) We subjoin the article referred to.—*Editor.*

CHARITABLE SOCIETIES.—It was Hon. Joshua R. Giddings, we believe, who, in his testimony before the Senate Committee in the Harper's Ferry investigation, stated that he sent one of the Browns to some point in Ohio, where a charitable society existed for liberating slaves, believing that such an organization, having common purposes with Brown, would perhaps aid him with funds. Thus we have Mr. Giddings's definition of a Charitable Society. Charity, according to his understanding of the term, consists in stealing, in robbing the people of another State of their property, in depriving them of their legal rights, and disturbing their domestic harmony and peace. This is slightly different from Webster, who defines charity to mean "love, benevolence and good will; that disposition of heart which inclines men to think favorably of their fellow-men, and to do them good. Candor, liberality in judging of men and their actions," &c., &c.

There is a marked difference between charity according to Giddings and charity according to Webster. The one is the charity of hate and evil, the other that of love and good will. Mr Giddings appears to be well versed in the operations of "charitable societies" such as he describes, and we suppose many of his fellow Republicans, in Congress and out, have equally accurate information on such topics. In law there is but a shadow of difference between a thief and one who aids the thief to commit his crime; and we think a sound morality would find it equally difficult to distinguish between the man who steals a negro and he who, as a member of one of Mr. Giddings's "Charitable Societies," contributes funds to enable the thief to accomplish his object.—*Journal of Commerce.*

CONVENTION AT PORT BYRON.

PORT BYRON, Cayuga Co., Feb. 27, 1860.

To the Editor of The National Anti Slavery Standard.

IT gives me pleasure to inform you that we have just held one of the largest and best anti-slavery meetings in this place that has been held for many years; and had not the weather and roads been so bad as to prevent the farmers and their families from attending, no building in Port Byron would have contained the audience. Susan B. Anthony, that firm and intelligent advocate of human equality everywhere, among black and white, male and female, addressed her sex in such serious and feeling eloquence on their connection *with* and duties *to* the subject of American slavery as, I trust, made an indelible impression upon their minds. I think it impossible for such affectionate remonstrance and reproof to fail of producing its deserved effect.

That wonderful man, Parker Pillsbury, held up this blood-stained nation in such a light as to cause us all to blush for very shame that we are citizens of such a murderous conspiracy as the United States government. When he recited to his audience the innumerable outrages that long have been and still are being perpetrated by the Southern States, through their Legislatures and otherwise, to which the free States are constitutionally bound "*to give full faith and credit*," and when he told us that the only response from the only political party in the nation making the least pretence to anti-slavery was an *agonizing shriek* for the perpetuation of the "*glorious Union*," our hearts sank within us, and we were ready to cry with him of old—What can we do to be saved?

On the morning of Friday, at the invitation of the Principal, Mr. Fuller, both speakers, above named, addressed the pupils of the Port Byron Academy in the most sensible and practical manner, and, by the unanimous vote of the pupils, the afternoon session was omitted in order that both teachers and pupils might attend the anti-slavery meeting.

Yours for the Right, W. O. DUVALL.

SLAVERY ABOLISHED IN KANSAS.—The Territorial Legislature of Kansas lately passed the following act:

AN ACT to Abolish Slavery.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted, &c., That Slavery or involuntary servitude, except for the punishment of crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, is and shall be forever abolished in this Territory.

SEC. 2. This act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

Gov. Medary, after keeping the act in his pocket for some time, finally mustered courage to obey his slaveholding masters by vetoing it. He took the ground, of course, that the people of a Territory have not constitutional power to abolish slavery *until they come to form a State government*. The Legislature, however, immediately repassed the bill by a vote of 30 to 7—more than the constitutional two-thirds necessary to override the Executive veto.

Mr. Beebe, when the bill was before the Council, said there were $500,000 invested in slave property in Kansas, and he objected to the confiscation of that property. The Lawrence *Republican* says: "The truth of the matter is, slavery has maintained a stubborn hold in the Territory for the last five years, in utter defiance of the wishes of nine-tenths of the inhabitants."

CORRECTION.—Several slight errors of the press, and the two following important ones, escaped correction in our leading article last week, entitled "Examination of Henry Ward Beecher's Endorsement of the American Board."

In the middle of its second column, the following paragraph was printed in small type, and commencing with quotation marks, as if the whole of it, and not merely two closing expressions, had been copied from *The Missionary Herald*. It should have read thus:

The Choctaw missionaries have held this ground, and acted upon it, ever since 1848, when this letter was published; and they were so far from discouraging slavery by Church discipline that Mr. Treat, one of the Secretaries of the Board, represented the increased number of slaves in the Cherokee and Choctaw nations, and the general preference there felt for investing money in this "species of property," as one of the results of "the doctrines of the Gospel having exerted their appropriate influence."—*Missionary Herald, the official organ of the A. B. C. F. M., October*, 1848, *p.* 349.

Just above the middle of the fourth column, in a quotation from Rev. Dr. Woods's Report in 1845 (recommending that the missionaries be still allowed perfect freedom in receiving slaveholders into their Churches, and *unanimously* adopted by the American Board at Brooklyn), the word *immediately* was printed, instead of *materially*. The sentence should have read thus:

"Such freedom and such responsibility in the missionary, your Committee believe, *cannot be materially abridged*, without the most disastrous consequences to the mission ary's own happiness and efficiency, and to the welfare of the heathen."

COTTON AND SLAVERY.—The following highly significant passage from the recent speech of Lord BROUGHAM in the British Parliament deserves to be put on record:

"He rejoiced in the benefits which had resulted to the people of the United States from our repeal of the duty on raw cotton; but it should not be forgotten that some of our own colonies presented great facilities for the growth of cotton, and he hoped that in British Guiana, Jamaica, and in Africa, every encouragement would be afforded by the government to the cultivation of this most important material. Above all, he trusted that a trade in cotton would be opened upon the east coast of Africa, in the districts explored by Dr. Livingstone, for, upon the high lands of that country, cotton to any amount, and of the best quality, might, with a slight encouragement, be raised. He was told that a capital of £20,000, judiciously directed there, would be sufficient to secure this very great advantage; and he did hope that if it were inexpedient for the government to interfere in such matters, his wealthy friends at Manchester and Liverpool would lend a hand to raise that sum of money. In the United States they had what was called the 'domestic institution' (though in his eyes it was rather an offence than an institution), and the slave trade was also held to be an institution there, and one of great antiquity. We ourselves had sinned greatly in both of these matters; but certainly no parallel could be found in any part of our history to the law said to have been recently enacted in Arkansas. It was hardly credible that in any age or in any part of the world such an atrocity could have been committed as a law to reduce thousands of free people of color to a state of slavery upon the ground that the local authorities found it difficult to deal with them, and could not maintain a police sufficient to restrain them. Yet they were to be reduced to slavery unless they consented to be banished! In other parts of the States, he believed, this had been a mere threat, but in Arkansas such a law was reported to have been acted upon, so that thousands of free people of color have been driven from the country, and those who choose to remain had been reduced to bondage. It was no concern of ours; but, on the other hand, Americans had no right to complain if we did all we could to find a substitute for the cotton grown under the domestic institution."

LIBERAL BEQUESTS.—Mrs. Mary Dale, late of Philadelphia, deceased, left in her will, among other liberal bequests, the following:

"To James Baxter, a colored servant, who has been in the service of my late husband, Capt. Dale, and myself, for twenty-three years, $12,000, to be paid to him within three months after my death; also, I give to the said Baxter all my silver plate, furniture, music, &c., for his own use, and he is to occupy my house for three months after my death, and to receive his usual wages, $20 per month, during that time, besides his expenses for keeping the house."

Also the following:

"I give and devise all my estate, right, title, &c., in the property known as the Draw Bridge estate unto J. C. Miller, in trust, and out of the rents and income thereof to pay the board of my old horse 'Sam,' during his life, and also $15 per month to James Baxter for his services in taking care of the horse; and in case the said Baxter dies before the horse, the executor is to employ some one else to attend to this duty. At the death of the horse, the estate is to go to a sister of the deceased."

Mrs. Dale has also left $1,500 to her waiting maid during her lifetime, after which it is to go to the Hospital of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Philadelphia.

"James Baxter," above mentioned, is said to have been very self-sacrificing in his devotion to his mistress, and to have fairly entitled himself to the ample provision made for him. This, however, does not detract from the generosity of the bequest, which must stand as a lasting honor to the memory of the testator. The "silver plate, furniture, &c.," devised to Baxter is said to be exceedingly valuable.

Mrs. Dale was, before her marriage, a *Willing*, a name that will be recognized as one of the oldest and most respectable of Philadelphia.

DR. SOLGER'S LECTURES.—Our friends in Philadelphia will be pleased to hear that another opportunity will be offered them of enjoying and profiting by the valuable lectures of Dr. Solger. This learned gentleman and most interesting speaker will commence in that city next week a series of lectures, of which the following is the published programme:

DR. SOLGER'S
COURSE OF FOUR LECTURES
ON
THE REFORMATION,
to commence on Tuesday, March 6th, at half-past 7 o'clock p. m., and to be continued on Wednesday, the 7th, Tuesday, the 13th, and Wednesday, March 14th, at the
UNIVERSITY HALL.

LECTURE I.—Tuesday, March 6th.—The political condition of Europe previous to the Reformation. The houses of Hapsburg and Valois. Revival of Nations. Germans and Italians. Revival of Letters. Humanists. Revival of Religion and Theology. Mystics.

LECTURE II.—Wednesday, March 7th.—University of Wittenberg. Dispute between the Humanists and Scholastics. Luther's early days. Luther at Wittenberg. Luther against the sale of indulgences. Luther before the Diet at Worms.

LECTURE III.—Tuesday, March 13th.—Separation from Papacy. The work of the Reform at Wittenberg and elsewhere.

LECTURE IV.—Wednesday, March 14th.—Attempts to realize the Reformation politically. The Peasants' War. Reaction since 1526. Establishment of Territorial Churches. What the Reformation has done.

PRICE OF TICKETS, admitting one to the course, $1; admitting a lady and gentleman or two ladies, $1 50.

To those who have heard Dr. Solger nothing need be said in the way of commendation, and to those who have not we venture the assertion that in no other way can there be obtained so much entertaining and useful knowledge at so slight a cost of time, labor and money. We trust that the Doctor's course may be well attended.

A CHANCE FOR FUGITIVES TO RETURN TO SLAVERY.—Mr. C. J. Brown, a democratic champion of bondage, informs the public that he has opened at Detroit an office for the purpose of affording advice and assistance to fugitive slaves in the adjacent towns, and especially in Canada, who are sighing to be "carried back to Old Virginia," or to whatever place may happen to be the residence of the masters whose patriarchal oversight they would once more invoke. The Detroit *Free Press*, the organ of the Sham Democracy in that quarter (edited, we are ashamed to say, by a recreant Vermonter), pretends to believe that numbers of the fugitives, poor creatures, "are starving to death in consequence of their inability to support themselves," and that, consequently, Mr. Brown "will have a successful run of business." Wait and see. Our own opinion is, that if Mr. Brown depends for a living upon the commissions to be received from the slaveholders for the return of their fugacious chattels, he will soon find *himself* "starving to death," whether the Canada negroes are doing so or not. We can't advise the holders of stock in the U. G. R. R. to sell out quite yet. Better hold on for a rise!

ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTIONS, to be addressed by PARKER PILLSBURY, AARON M. POWELL and SUSAN B. ANTHONY, will be held at SENECA FALLS on Monday and Tuesday, March 5th and 6th, and at CANANDAIGUA on Thursday and Friday, March 7th and 8th. Sessions at 2 and 7 o'clock p. m.

Friends of the cause should do all in their power to advertise these meetings and to induce the people to attend them. The speakers are worthy of a hearing before the largest assemblies that can anywhere be gathered, and their labors cannot fail to give a strong impetus to the cause in any place that they may visit. There are hundreds of people in most of the prominent towns of the State who would eagerly avail themselves of the opportunity to hear these faithful champions of freedom, if they were not swayed by prejudices excited by an unscrupulous press. The few who read the anti-slavery papers and therefore know how ill-founded these prejudices are should make special efforts to counteract them. A little labor, judiciously bestowed in this direction, might sometimes lead to important results.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 26, 1860.

THE anti-Seward panic, which for a couple of months has possessed the Republicans in Washington, is now subsiding with great rapidity, and Mr. Seward is gaining ground daily; and if the tide continues, he will most certainly be nominated by the Chicago Convention. It is, I think, already a settled fact that he will have a majority of the delegates at that Convention; and if he is not nominated, it will be because his own friends consider it impolitic to put him forward next fall.

When Congress came together, the Southern panic was frightful, and it extended to the ranks of the Republicans. Southern out-throats daily threatened to hang Mr. Seward high as Haman, and the Republicans, some of them at least, immediately began to think it was about time to help these scoundrels choke the New York Senator to death with a piece of twisted hemp. They were also alarmed by a set of corrupt outside politicians and letter writers, who, through the infamous columns of the Satanic Press, fanned the flame of excitement to such a degree that on every hand Mr. Seward was cold-shouldered—by Republicans as well as Democrats.

This mean, cowardly panic is now subsiding, and the idea of nominating a bold, decided Republican, like Cassius M. Clay, Wm. H. Seward or Salmon P. Chase, gathers converts with almost surprising rapidity. I met an old Pennsylvania Whig politician on the Avenue the other day—a man who, I supposed, thought of little beside the Tariff. I had just read *The Tribune's* Bates editorial, and I asked him:

"What think you of Mr. Greeley's argument for Bates?"

"I think," he replied, "that Horace Greeley is doing all he can to tear out the vitals of the Republican party. I suppose he does it unwittingly, but he ought to know better. To go outside of the party, and take up a man who won't say openly and squarely that he is in favor of resisting the advances of the Slave Power, is just to finish up the Republican party by one stroke. We might win in the contest, as the Whigs did when they took up Gen. Taylor, but it would be the last of the Republican party, as the Taylor movement was of the Whig party."

I put the question to this Pennsylvania politician, whether his State could be carried for a thorough-going Republican, and he declared it to be his opinion that the chances of success with a statesman and a stanch Republican were infinitely greater than with a third-rate man who stands outside the ranks and has no decided opinions upon slavery any way.

The celebration of Washington's birthday has been the feature of the week in Washington, and a disgraceful failure from beginning to end was the whole affair. The Committee of Arrangements appointed by Congress will show at once how the whole affair was arranged. The Senate Committee had on it a Virginian and a South Carolinian, and but one Republican. The House Committee had on it two Disunionists, one Republican and two milk-and-water men. So, of course, the orator of the day was a disunionist—Mr. Boocock, of Virginia. I mean, of course, by "disunionist," a man who threatens disunion in the interest of slavery when it serves his purpose. This disunion and pro-slavery committee of course managed things in a "shiftless," pro-slavery fashion, and every decent body is disgusted and indignant at the course of proceedings on the 22d. It matters little, however, and is hardly worth notice.

The Senate, you have seen, is likely to catch a Tartar in Mr. Hyatt, who seems inclined to dispute its Star-Chamber powers exhibited in the high-handed proceedings of the Harper's Ferry Committee. The correspondence between Mr. Hyatt and Senator Mason, which has been published in the newspapers, will not reflect much credit upon the Senator. How grandly eloquent is the following paragraph from one of Mr. Hyatt's letters to him:

"Power exerted for the legitimate ends of power freemen can tolerate, especially where they are themselves its recognized and only source; but when the agents of a free people fall to comprehend their own limited functions as the mere and temporary repositories of delegated trusts, and get to regard themselves as 'sources' of power, then it is not the repositories alone, but, as ministers of government, the very functions become distasteful and hateful to the people; for no man who respects himself can for an instant be forced to feel the power of intolerance and arrogance without at the same moment finding within himself the protest of an indignant and manly resistance. Power, to be respected, must first deserve respect. Every abuse of it, every indecent exhibition of it, each encroachment of it upon the rights of the citizen, every curtailment, and every attempted curtailment, of the people's rights, privileges and immunities tends to insubordination, breeds anarchies, and begets confusion. This government, republican in form though it be, must maintain something more than its forms, and retain something better than its name, if it would keep the affections of the people. Nor can its ministers long betray their trusts by becoming the executors of an irresponsible will, without engendering conspiracies, treason, insurrections, and every other fierce spirit of the fell brood that incubates where hate, within the shadows of tyranny sits moodily fostering despair."

In the House, Mr. Lovejoy of Illinois, brother of the martyr, is watching the first opportunity to present the subjoined resolution:

Whereas the Constitution of the United States declares, article four, section two, that the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens of the several States; and whereas it is alleged by responsible parties that citizens of some of the States, going into certain other States of the Union for lawful purposes, such as the collection of debts, teaching and other like lawful business, have been subjected to personal indignities, violence and incarceration; and whereas it is alleged that certain citizens of the United States have been exiled from their homes and driven from their property in consequence of certain tenets and sentiments which they held and promulgated, and without allegation of crime against them; and whereas it is alleged that a practice is springing up in this country like the European passport system; therefore,

Resolved, That a select committee of five be appointed to inquire into the above recited facts, and to report to the House if any further legislation is necessary to give effect to the aforesaid portion of the Federal Constitution; and they are hereby empowered to send for persons and papers and to examine witnesses under oath.

If this resolution is adopted by the House, the fur will fly, and we shall very soon see Mr. Hyatt in respectable, slaveholding company. The moment the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House sends for the miscreants in the slave States who have been guilty of the outrages alluded to by Mr. Lovejoy in his resolution, we shall find Southern men denouncing the Committee as a despotic Inquisition. So, by all means, let us have the Committee raised and set at work.

The Vice-President, who has expectations for the Charleston nomination, finds that his connection with the Edmundson attack on Hickman is creating a prejudice against him, and he hastens to give the public a true version of the affair. Hear him:

"I happened to witness the difficulty between those gentlemen. It was not a fight—it was only a scene. They were walking together towards the gate of the Capitol grounds that leads into the avenue. I was some distance behind them, and unaccompanied except by my little son. Suddenly they stood apart, and Mr. Edmundson raised his right hand as if to strike, when his arm was instantly seized by some one (Mr. Keitt, I think), who drew him away. At that moment he made a motion with his left hand towards Mr. Hickman, whose hat fell off. I am unable to say whether Mr. Edmundson touched it or the fall was caused by an involuntary movement of Mr. Hickman's head. I approached as rapidly as possible, and stood between the parties. Mr. Hickman seemed disconcerted and agitated, but I saw no evidence of fear. He had not attempted to strike Mr. Edmundson, and, of course, after the interposition of bystanders, no conflict would have been allowed. After a pause of a few moments, I took Mr. Hickman's arm, and suggested that we should walk on; to which he assented, and we walked together to the gate."

I suppose this is a correct statement, and Mr. Breckinridge finds himself in the condition of poor Tray. He keeps company with such men as Edmundson and Keitt, and must not wonder if he is supposed to justify their acts. The very next day after the attack on Hickman, when the Republican side of the House was intensely excited over the outrage, this same Vice-President came into the Hall, while the House was in session, in company with Edmundson, both of them in high spirits (fourth proof), laughing and chatting as if both of them were well satisfied with the insult offered to the sick member from Pennsylvania. It is not strange, then, that the public has fallen into the error of supposing the Vice-President to have been an accomplice (*before the fact*) of Edmundson in his attack on Mr. Hickman. AVON.

KIDNAPPING IN KANSAS.—The Lawrence *Republican* of Feb. 16th gives the following account of an unsuccessful attempt at kidnapping in that city:

On Thursday night last, a bold but unsuccessful attempt was made, by a pack of human hounds, to kidnap a woman from this city. The woman was living at Mr. Monteith's. The gang, so far as we can learn, consisted of a fellow named Roberts, who lives near *Lecompton*, the notorious Jack Hurd, a noted gambler called Jim Lester and some others whose names we have not learned. They hired a team at Livingston's livery stable, with a close wagon, and went to the house about 11 o'clock at night, and demanded admittance and the woman. Mr. Montieth was not at home, as the scoundrels well knew—for one of them had made an errand to the house during the day, and inquired for him, and found that he was gone. Mr. Bigelow happened to be boarding there, and jumped up at the first alarm, and, seizing a billet of wood, prepared to defend the family. An outcry was also raised by one of the little boys, which roused the neighbors, and the kidnappers fled—but closely pursued by an excited crowd which had collected. They sought refuge at *Hancock's* establishment, whence Roberts, escaping, attempted to make his way down the ravine. A well-directed shot, which passed through his hat, brought him to a stand. He was then taken by the crowd to the river, where, had it not been for the timely interposition of Messrs. Murphy and others, he might have received the reward which his infamous attempt so richly merited. He was finally released, with orders to leave town in half an hour. So exasperated, however, were some of the colored people at this attempt to kidnap one of their number, that it is said they pursued the scoundrel, knocked him off his horse, and gave him a sound thrashing.

NEW SERIES OF ANTI-SLAVERY TRACTS.

WE announce with much pleasure the issue of three new and valuable Anti-Slavery Tracts. They consist of the freshest and most interesting matter, and we invite to them the attention of all our readers. As they are to be sold at the simple cost (or less), we hope that orders for them will be numerous. The series is to be continued, from time to time. The three already published are as follows:

No. 1. CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN LYDIA MARIA CHILD AND GOVERNOR WISE AND MRS. MASON, OF VIRGINIA. 28 pp.

No. 2. VICTOR HUGO ON AMERICAN SLAVERY, with letters of other distinguished Europeans, viz., DE TOCQUEVILLE, MAZZINI, HUMBOLDT, LAFAYETTE, &c. 24 pp.

No. 3. AN ACCOUNT OF SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL SLAVE INSURRECTIONS DURING THE LAST TWO CENTURIES. By JOSHUA COFFIN. 36 pp.

Price of the first two of the above, *five cents single*; 50 cts. the dozen; $3 50 *the hundred*. Of No. 3, *six cents single*; 60 *cts. the dozen*; $4 *the hundred*.

☞ To be had at the Anti-Slavery Offices, 5 Beekman street, New York; 107 North Fifth street, Philadelphia; and No. 21 Cornhill, Boston.

☞ The AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY has also just published, in a neat pamphlet form, the able and eloquent speech of THEODORE TILTON, Esq., of New York, in reply to Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, on the American Board of Foreign Missions. Orders for these should be sent to the Society's Office, No. 5 Beekman street, New York. *Price three cents single*; $2 50 *per hundred.*

PERSONAL.

Wendell Phillips will deliver a lecture at the Cooper Union, in this city, on Wednesday evening, March 14th. The subject will be announced next week.

Andrew J. Curtin, of Centre County, is the Opposition candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania. To what extent he is imbued with anti-slavery we do not know.

A correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* says that he has the best authority for stating that Mrs. Stowe will soon furnish a new contribution to literature in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

George Sennott, Esq., of Boston, has gone to Richmond to seek a pardon for Stevens and Hazlitt. He has letters of introduction to Gov. Letcher, and will no doubt make a strong plea in behalf of his clients, but we see little ground to hope that he will be successful.

The Bellows Falls (Vt.) *Times* of Feb. 24th says: "Mrs. Antoinette Brown Blackwell gave her lecture on Men and Women, at the Town Hall, on Wednesday evening, the 15th, which was listened to by a very large audience, and, on the following evening, delivered an extemporaneous lecture, which was very highly spoken of."

A letter from West Chester, Pa., says that Hon. John Hickman is in a very precarious state of health. He went home from Washington several days previously, intending to return on Monday, the 20th ult., but his indisposition was found to be so serious that it was deemed unadvisable to undertake the journey, and his friends are fearful that he will not be able to resume his Congressional duties for some time at least.

George W. Curtis has been discharged from his post on the *Harpers' Weekly*, and probably on the *Monthly* too, because of his anti-slavery notions. He had never introduced his opinions on this subject into his contributions, but the Harpers publish for the South and a market, and Southern papers demanded his discharge and they obeyed. Mr. Curtis loses $6,000 per year by this operation, but the Harpers, says the Springfield *Republican*, lose infinitely more—the respect of all honorable and independent men, in all sections of the country.

Andrew Jackson Davis has fallen under the displeasure of the slaveholders. A South Carolina Spiritualist writes as follows:

"I have been a great admirer of Andrew J. Davis, until, about a year back, he thought best to show himself an Abolitionist. He seems to mix this question up with his spiritual affairs. What a pity 'tis he can't attend to his religious instructions, and let other affairs alone. I have heard that Davis intends coming South. Please, if so, dissuade him from such a step, for he is thought here to be an Abolitionist of the Brown stripe. From what he has written on the subject lately, *he has lost many, many friends*. I would not see him wronged, but I can assure you that a visit here now, during these exciting times, would certainly guarantee him a *coat of tar and feathers, and perhaps a hempen cravat.*"

CONTEMPTIBLE.—What an illustration of the inhumanity and meanness springing from the prejudice against a black skin is afforded by the following petition, which originated in Western Pennsylvania.

"To the Honorable the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in General Assembly met:

"Your petitioners humbly represent that the rapid growth of the free negro population by immigration, within a brief period, is not only a burden to your petitioners, by increasing demands on our poor fund, but, owing to their great indolence and dissipation, they have filled our prisons, thus increasing our taxes to an enormous extent. The recent raid at Harper's Ferry will result in stringent laws by the Southern States for the expulsion of free negroes from their limits; so we must shortly have thousands more of those unfortunate creatures thrown upon us, many of them in the decline of life, or otherwise incapacitated for labor. The exigency calls upon your honorable body to adopt some measure to prevent an increase of our already burdened condition. If your honorable body has not the power to prevent their emigration to this State, we would prefer a slave code."

THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD and *The Liberator* have been excluded from the rooms of the New York Young Men's Christian Association! Mr. S. B. M. Cornell, chairman of the Committee on Rooms, is said to have ordered this exclusion. The Librarian, Mr. Peckham, late of South Carolina, where he voted for Preston S. Brooks, was probably more than willing to obey Mr. Cornell's order. The tables of the institution are well supplied with papers from the South, it not being considered at all dangerous to the piety or morals of the "babes and sucklings" who frequent the rooms to read journals that defend slavery from the Bible, while it is thought to be indispensable to their spiritual health that anti-slavery papers should be kept out of their way. Is it not an abuse of a sacred word to call such an Association "Christian"?

NORTHERN SLAVEHOLDERS.—A correspondent of *The Journal of Commerce*, writing from Charleston, S. C., says it is senseless to prate of a general withdrawal of orders on Northern merchants by heavy business firms of the South, because "a large portion of the capital invested in Southern houses is Northern capital. Many Northern merchants are Southern men, owning slaves and real estate here. Of a Broadway firm in New York one partner possesses 1,200 slaves, and another upwards of 300. Will the South bite its own nose off?" These slaveholders, in many cases, occupy the best pews in fashionable "evangelical" Churches in this city and bribe the ministers to silence on the subject of slavery.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.—Mr. Duell of this State gave notice the other day in the United States House of Representatives of a bill to amend the Fugitive Slave law so as to give the right of trial by jury to the alleged fugitive. Better move for a repeal of the infamous statute. The Empire State should never consent to put before a jury the question whether any human being upon her soil is a slave.

BARNUM'S MUSEUM.—The managers of this establishment have just placed on exhibition a monster Grizzly Bear from California, weighing 2,000 pounds, and a Sea Lion, a nondescript creature, weighing 700 pounds. The lady Anaconda of the establishment lately gave birth to about 90 baby snakes. Mother and children are as well as could be expected! Our friends will find the Museum well worthy of a visit just now.

PRINTER WANTED.—We invite attention to the advertisement in another column for an anti-slavery printer.

Summary.

A FUGITIVE SLAVE, who, after being arrested at Springfield, Ill., was taken upon the cars for St. Louis by a deputy U. S. Marshal and several assistants, attempted on the way to kill one of his captors, but failed of accomplishing his object.

RESTORATION OF FUGITIVE SLAVES IN CANADA.—The Maryland Legislature have passed resolutions instructing the Representatives in Congress of that State to use their influence with the National Government for the negotiation of a treaty with Great Britain for the restoration of fugitive slaves from the United States who may be found in Canada.

Speaking of the assault upon Mr. Hickman, the Charleston *News* says:

"This is a game at which both parties can play. Let the war commence, and among and upon those who have made its causes, which are now numerous. If Republicans are imprudent, they will be thrashed."

A QUEER ORDER TO AN EXPRESSMAN.—The following is a copy of an order to an Expressman, received a day or two since: "Send me 10 gails. of your best gin for $10. I want it for my mother's wake and funeral. She is on her last breath. Sometimes she knows us and sometimes she don't. Send it this evening precisely."

A SOUTHERNER MURDERED BY HIS SLAVES.—*Washington, February 25.*—Mr. Keitt, member of Congress from South Carolina, received a despatch, yesterday, announcing that his elder brother, a physician, residing at Pilatka, had been murdered in his bed by some of his negroes, who almost severed his head from his body. He was at the time confined to his bed by illness.

The bill introduced by Mr. Brown, in the United States Senate, for the better protection of slave property in Kansas, is in the main similar to the one passed by the usurping Legislature of that Territory, except that the penalties are lighter. Of course it will not pass the House; but it is equivalent to nailing the colors to the mast rather than surrender to Douglas. His supporters in the Senate see the matter in that light.

The citizens of Charlotte County, Va., at a public meeting held on the 2d ult., adopted a resolution recommending the 22d to be observed as a day of fasting and prayer, in consideration of the dangers with which we are surrounded. An old-fashioned writer once put the question: "Is not this the fast that I have chosen, saith the Lord, to undo the heavy burthens and let the oppressed go free?"

They tell a story of the mother of Cassius M. Clay, a venerable Kentucky matron of eighty years old or thereabout, to this effect: She was told of a report which had got abroad, that the zealous pro-slavery men of the county in which her son lives had given him notice to quit. "They need not give Cassius notice to quit," said the resolute old lady, "he will not go; and for my part I had rather see him without his head than hear of his deserting the post of duty."

HOW TO HELP HELPER.—The recent system of universally advertising Mr. Helper's book on the "Impending Crisis of the South" has been productive of the most cheering results to the author. We are reliably informed that his copyright realizes him about $500 a week, and one week's receipts amounted to $525. This is doing a handsome business, and the more noticeable from the fact that it is all done by opponents.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

DANGEROUS PLEASURE.—The Taunton (Mass.) *Telegram*, in announcing that the ex-editor has gone South on a pleasure excursion, says:

"We sincerely hope his expectations in that direction may be realized, but recent journeying in that latitude has been quite as prolific of pain as pleasure. He, however, took all the necessary precautions before starting, such as filling his valise with administration documents and prints as passports. The hope that he may 'pass muster' is confidently indulged by his numerous friends."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—A person by the name of Frederick Southgate Brown has petitioned the Louisiana Legislature to allow him and his family to change their names. The reason given for the request is that there is an undying stigma attached to the name of "Brown" consequent upon the actions of "Old John" at Harper's Ferry. They ask to be permitted to change their patronymic from one which has become intolerable, because of the associations attached to it, to one undefamed and more honorable.

Governor Chase of Ohio tells the story that when Lieut. Gov. Newman of Tennessee was in Cincinnati with the Kentucky and Tennessee Legislatures, he was accompanied by his "body servant," a sprightly, saddle-colored "boy" of about thirty, who was conscious of his dignity. His master, who was in the habit of jesting with him familiarly, accosted him in the hall of the Neil House, just before the departure of the guests, with a "Why, Jack, havn't any of the abolitionists carried you off yet?" "Yah! yah! Mass' Newman (quoth Jack), when I seed you gwine down de street arm in arm wid Guburner Dennison and Guburner Chase, I tot you were gone, sure—yah! yah!"

Miss Swisshelm, the editress of *The St. Cloud* (Min.) *Democrat*, has been appointed Surveyor of Logs and Lumber. The appointment having been ridiculed, she replies that women have as much right to employments in which the pay is more than the work as men have, and that for one she declines the honor of working for the wages of wifehood; that she would rather saw logs into boards with a handsaw for her bread and butter than take the doled pittance which keeps most women's souls inside their bodies; and that not one man in five hundred would object to any woman doing the work of a Surveyor-General.

A gentleman who is spending the winter in Florida for the benefit of his health writes: "The news of the John Brown affair reached Florida before we did, and a party of chivalrous citizens had an indignation meeting, and threatened to tar and feather any Abolitionist who might venture among them. I understand from one of the residents of the place that not one of the indignant citizens aforesaid owned a slave, or had money enough to buy one. They appointed a committee to wait on a poor Jersey minister, half dead with bronchitis, but the only thing they could find against him was that he had been seen to shake hands with a nigger, so they only warned him."

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."—There was quite a flutter last evening amongst some of the police, caused by the arrival from Richmond at one of the principal hotels of a very well-dressed dark mulatto, with a goodly assortment of baggage, on which was painted in full his own name—'Kiah Crawford, Richmond, Va." Being called upon for the purpose he exhibited his "free papers," which were found to be all correct, when he at once passed inside and registered his name in a bold, free and decisive hand, and was shown to a room where he lodged for the night.—*Washington States, Jan.* 25.

WOMEN'S WAGES IN CALIFORNIA.—Work is paid in this State by the job or by the day, without reference to the sex of the party that performs it. A washer-woman gets $3 a day in the country; a carpenter gets no more. A lady teacher gets the same wages that a gentleman would, teaching the same class. If males have ever predominated among the teachers, it was because the supply of teaching material was mostly of the masculine gender. But it does not predominate now, whatever it might once have done. Of the 75 teachers recently appointed by the Board of Education to take charge of the city schools, 13 were males and 62 females.

THE SOUTHERN TRADE.—Some of our merchants are absolutely oppressed with the extent of the orders they receive from the South. We spoke with one of them this morning, who said that the house in which he was concerned had twice the amount of Southern trade this winter that it had last season.

What is quite as worthy of note is that those who come on from the South to purchase buy, as they did last year, where they can buy to the best advantage. They speak with the utmost contempt of the attempts to proscribe certain Northern merchants, as a mere shift of the politicians, adopted in an exigency of des

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

THE AURORAL PROPHECY.

Nature hath her own prophecies, ever sublimely given,
Before each great event of Earth, speaking in signs from Heaven.
But of all her heavenly oracles, none was ever more sublime
Than that majestic vision, before the Harvest Time—
Those grand, those memorable nights, when from the northern skies
We saw her prophet-meteors in dazzling augury rise.
'Twas in the late, late summer time, but no beauty yet was gone;
Before the earliest Autumn wind rustled the ripened corn;
No glory of departed day lingered along the sky—
A lovely day, that seemed too sweet, too beautiful to die.
Night, seated on her star-gemmed throne, was eloquently still,
And the quietness of silent awe did Nature's Temple fill.
Then, as of old in Hebrew shrines, God suddenly appeared,
Filling the Temple of His praise, while men adored and feared,
So, in Nature's Grand Cathedral, all suddenly there came
The tokens of His glory in columns of tall flame.
Up, up the skies at once the Giant Pillars rose;
Tinged with the red and jasper light, the ascending radiance glows;
Even to the Tropic heaven it burns—skies that had never known
The illuminated portents which now upon them shone.
Was there no prophecy in this? Oh, would that man would heed
The handwriting on that gorgeous sky! Oh, God! that he might read!
Lo, where they reach the zenith, the centralizing rays,
Rose-hued and luminous, display a crown amid their blaze,
Its points of glory lighting up, as if in mortal sight,
Our Savior's blessed Crown of Thorns, were now baptised in light.
Was this no token? Might it not to Heaven eyed Seers presage
The Martyr's Roll re-opened—the Victim of the Age,
Who since upon the gallows-tree endured a death abhorred,
In his own measure "filling up the sufferings of his Lord"
(Since our Lord Christ through mystic ties, as holy writ avows,
Completes his own love agonies—in the sufferings of His spouse)—
Who since upon the gallows-tree won his dear right to wear,
Through holiest love, the Martyr Crown whose radiant type was there?
Did not voices through those colonades of amber fire proclaim
The fearful and unequal strife—the dying Martyr's name?
Was there no prophecy? is God regardless of his deeds
When Man, the creature of his power, in daring crime exceeds?
He who, when Israel's Fugitives before their masters fled,
Looked from his pillared cloud, and struck the tyrant's heart with dread,
Troubled the Egyptian haughty King till even the chariot feels,
And heavily drove on the proud oppressors' wheels,
Ah! looks he not to-day from a portentous cloud?
Troubles he not the heart of the master, cold and proud?
Do not the oppressor's grinding wheels slowly and heavily roll,
Though mad with wrath he urges his way on to the fearful goal,
On to the death, on to the doom to tyrant nations given,
In their awful judgment-day prepared of avenging Heaven?
I see it coming! I see it coming! I hear the waters close,
And down they go in the dark, cold depths, God and Man's insensate foes.
But beyond the strong and vengeful waves of that high returning sea,
On the distant banks I hear the hymn of the bondman's jubilee,
And my long waiting spirit no more its praise restraineth,
But singeth Hallelujah! for the Lord Almighty reigneth. S. L. L.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

MADGE VERTNER.

BY MATTIE GRIFFITH.

CHAP. XXIX.

Madge resolutely kept her intention. Helen dared not say a word further to dissuade her; too well she knew the determined temper of the girl she was dealing with. All through the evening Madge was as bright and animated as usual; no one but Helen could detect a cloud upon that brow or observe anything peculiar in the tone of her laughter. Once only—when Helen stole close to her friend's side, and, unobserved by the others, whispered, "Oh, Madge, what a fiery-tempered blade you are, to be sure"—did she start or tone down her exuberant spirits.

"Don't speak to me, Helen," she answered, in a whisper; "my heart is all on fire; and if I didn't laugh, I should be forced to cry. Can't you see that it is unnatural, forced, and—and—but don't say anything more, Helen; my eyes are full now, and—but I'm half blind. Let me go," and she left the room hastily.

"Poor child," thought Helen, "how can her mother complain of want of sentiment? It seems to me that she has too much."

Madge did not sleep much that night. The few moments of respite which she caught, as it were, from the anxious fever of disturbing thoughts were not passed in rest, but broken by frightful dreams and visions. Two or three times she shrieked aloud. Helen, overhearing her, rushed into the room.

"What is it, Madge dear," she exclaimed, as she held her sobbing friend close to her heart; "what is it, darling, that so disturbs you?"

"Oh! Helen, such a dream as I have had! terrible! terrible!" and she buried her face in her hands, and her whole frame shook with the violence of her grief.

"But it was *only* a dream, dear, and is past now; only one of those sickly, disordered fancies engendered by your nervous state."

"I am not nervous, Helen; have never had occasion to know that I had nerves. Papa always calls me his robust, muscular child."

"But you are nervous now; only see how you tremble."

"No, I am frightened—that dream *seems* so real; even now I can scarcely convince myself that it is untrue. It makes me shudder. Don't go away, Helen; stay awhile longer with me; I am afraid."

"Tell me your dream, Madge; perhaps the mere repetition of it to me will take away your fear; come, tell me, darling."

Thus coaxed into confidence, Madge gathered the bedclothing about her shoulders, and, flinging her rich hair away from her brow and face till it floated down her neck in long, rich masses of half-curls, and taking Helen's hand in one of hers, while the other shaded her eyes from the light, she began to speak, in a quiet tone.

"It was a strange, confused sort of dream. I thought I was in a wild woody place, alone, at night time; there was neither moon nor star-light, yet it was not dark. A sort of blue-grey light served as a lamp to show me the gloom and desolation by which I was surrounded. I can recall the scene perfectly now, and the same vague, indefinable, chilly fear creeps over me that crept over me then, as an old, haggard, witch-like creature emerged from some of the recesses of the woods, and, seizing violently hold of me, bore me, in spite of my cries and prayers, off with her to a horrible-looking den, where she said I properly belonged. 'You are not Madge Vertner,' she said, 'but a dirty, wicked sprite, whom I have at last found, and you shall not leave me again.' I importuned, I begged, I wore my breath out with cries and entreaties, offered her all my father's wealth if she would only release me, but she only laughed the louder, saying that her revenge was at last gloated. At this point I awoke with that scream which roused you. The dream, as I repeat it, Helen, sounds foolish, delusive and dream-like, but to my fancy it had a terrible distinctness, and even now it haunts my memory like a half-reality."

After much soothing, and at Helen's urgent solicitation, she took an anodyne. Madge fell into a sound sleep, which proved a sweet restorer, and the next morning she rose refreshed and in her wonted spirits.

At ten o'clock the carriage was at the door. As Helen wrapped Madge's shawl around her shoulders she lovingly whispered,

"Dearest, let me go with you. I cannot bear that you should have such distressing excitement and no one near to soothe or comfort you."

"No, Helen, you have not nerve enough; besides, you would be no possible assistance to me. Let me perform my dismal task alone. I am strong to-day as a Hercules. I feel that my nerves can endure anything. Burning rage and scorn are the only feelings I know of now, and they consume in secret. I have an object in this."

"What is it?"

"Not now, dear Helen; perhaps I *may* tell you some time, but certainly not now."

"I'll not urge you farther; but promise me one thing, darling—that you will not tax your strength too far."

"I promise," and, kissing her affectionately, Madge jumped into the carriage.

"Henry," said Helen to the coachman, "drive Miss Madge where she directs; watch her well; if she seems much excited or looks sick, urge her to come home."

"Yes, miss, I will," replied the slave, in an obsequious tone, well-pleased with the compliment which Miss Helen's command implied, and, after receiving Madge's order (with very evident surprise), he mounted his box and drove off rapidly through the village to an old out-field about half-a-mile from the town. Here they found already quite a number of people, from the town and country for twenty miles round about, assembled to witness, one would suppose, some great gala sight. Stopping the horses suddenly, Henry descended from the box and, looking into the window, asked,

"How near does you want to go, Miss Madge? Shall I stop on de outside of de crowd or does you want to go a little nigher to the post?"

The negro's voice fell upon the last word.

"I suppose we cannot get the carriage any nearer, and may as well stop here."

She sank far back into the carriage and drew her veil closely about her face. Persons were gathering in tens and scores, pressing near to the carriage, and peering curiously in. Madge felt her cheek flush and her eye flash as she was thus rudely and vulgarly stared at.

"Miss Madge," said the driver, as he drew near the window, "Miss Madge, these country folks stares at you so dat it must pester you a good deal; hadn't I better drive you back?"

"No no," was the hasty, but positive, answer.

Henry turned away disappointed. The fact is, he was mortified and did not like to have one of his mistress's friends seen at such a place. As the farmers' boys and girls passed the carriage and tried to peep in under the drooping silk curtain, he called out to them,

"What's you peepin' so fur? Did you never see quality before?" Keep yer eyes to yourself, or I'll fling sand into 'em."

"Never mind it, Henry; let the poor, idle people look at the carriage if it gives them occupation. They have come to see a terrible thing. By and bye they'll have no eyes for me."

"Yes, marm; but, den, I never lets 'em gap 'at sort o' way at Miss Helen or mistress when they goes out to drive. Dese poor whites has to be kep' down, Miss Madge; dey ain't no better dan corn-field niggers."

"Yes, but you would allow corn-field negroes to look at whatever they wished."

"No, marm, I wouldn't; dey has no sort o' bisness looking at quality."

The negro (the slave), be it remembered, is never a democrat in principle. The rule that has oppressed him makes him also wish to oppress others.

Meanwhile the populace—the towns-people and country folks—had been steadily flocking to the field, until a very great crowd had assembled.

Following close behind a band of two or three men—constables or some petty officials—came the prisoners. First, Maria and her husband, then those who had been convicted as accomplices, Rachel bringing up the rear-line. All eyes were fixed upon them.

The officer walking in front waved his baton and cleared away the crowd that pressed so close to the whipping-post. Beside this four-sided post of eight or nine feet in height, with iron clasps on the opposing sides, stood the man hired to do the *law* honor by whipping these wicked negroes. He cracked his whip (which was a long, red cow-skin), as if to try its quality, and, turning to one of the bystanders, said, "It 'll do, and will take some of the fire out of them d—d black skins."

"Take off your coat and shirt," was the command of the constable to Peter.

The negro obeyed.

The iron clasps were then fastened upon the wrists and ancles, and an order given to the man to "lay on the whip," which was promptly obeyed. The victim writhed with pain; but no cry escaped his lips. "Nine and thirty lashes upon the bare back, in the presence of witnesses," were given to vindicate the most honorable and Christian law!

Covered with blood, and with a face working with pain, Peter was set free from the post; then followed Maria. At the first lash, she screamed aloud, prayed and begged for mercy; but the crowd of boys only shouted out in reply, "You ought to thought of this when you was runnin' away." Her agony was terrible to witness; and we believe even that heartless and ribald crowd was glad when she was released from the stock. And now every eye was drawn with peculiar, if not anxious, interest upon Rachel. Her step was firm and unfaltering as she drew near the post; but the deadly whiteness of her face, the dark, defiant glitter of her eye and the nervous twitter of her lip proved how deep and terrible was the emotion she sought to conceal.

"Take off the waist of your frock," said the man.

Without a moment's hesitation, she removed the bodice, and, with an eye growing fiercer in its expression, stood calm and unmoved. A shudder ran round the crowd when that fair skin was exposed to the coarse and vulgar view. Fathers—hardened workmen though they were—thought, no doubt, of their own daughters, whose skins were scarcely fairer, and could not resist the shudder.

Lash after lash descended upon the quivering flesh; blood flowed at every cut; but the face of the victim was as stern as an iron-mailed soldier's. Except what was natural from the loss of blood, the cheek itself scarcely grew paler; but the eye shone out with a fearful and vengeful light. As the twenty eighth lash descended, a voice from the crowd cried out,

"Hold, you shall not strike the woman another blow."

"Who said that?" asked the man. "I'm the minister of the law; here to do my duty, and I won't be interfered with!"

But Col. Vertner, looking as pale as the poor bleeding victim beside him, stood close to the post. A whispered word to the man, no doubt the promise of pecuniary reward, satisfied that worthy luminary of our most *wise* and virtuous law.

Rachel had been firm—hard, it would seem—until now, when she heard Col. Vertner's voice and saw him standing close beside her; then everything gave way, and she swooned. Andrew Vertner, with a man's heart in his breast, forgot for the moment ontward circumstances, and caught the fainting form in his own arms and pillowed that sorrowing head upon his bosom. "Poor, poor girl," were the words that he whispered, as he held her to his heart, in the presence of that jeering crowd, which for the moment was silenced, if not awed.

In a moment there was a buzz of curious wonder as a light, girlish figure made its resolute way through the crowd. Throwing back her veil, she said, in a firm tone,

"Papa, let me assist you."

"Madge!" cried Col. Vertner, in a voice of painful surprise.

"Yes, papa, I am here; but I did not expect to meet you. Bring the woman to the carriage."

"Who brought you here?" he asked.

"I came in Mrs. Mason's carriage, and there I intend to take this poor woman."

"Have you asked permission?"

"Helen is willing."

Just then a negro woman, whom we recognize at once as Hetty, rushed up to the post, crying out,

"Oh, Lord! young miss, here, I'se got some soft cotton and a drop or so of ile for dis poor critter. Give her to me, Mas'er Vartner; I can tote her to de ravine nigh here, and wash dis blood and grease off de poor critter, and den she'll be mightily be'ped up."

Yielding her to Hetty, Col. Vertner and Madge followed. The stream was quite near, and Madge watched the woman as she tenderly washed off the blood stains, and applied oiled cloths to the wounded flesh. Slowly Rachel opened her eyes, glanced round, then closed them with an expression of pain.

"Poor critter, she is more 'an half in a dream now," said Hetty; "poor chile, I'se glad to do even dis much fur you, bekase you'se been kind to me."

In a half-senseless state Rachel was taken to the carriage. Madge ordered the driver to place her upon the most comfortable seat; and, getting in, sat near the sick woman, taking one of those dark hands softly within her own, and gazing with an expression of tender regard into the care-worn, suffering face beside her. Col. Vertner marked this; and if he *had* hitherto loved his daughter, he now worshipped her as an angel whom he had been entertaining unawares.

"My child, God bless you," he said, as he pressed his lip to her brow; "but stay; one word. This poor, half-crazy woman will, no doubt, rave in delirium. You know, Madge, it will not be well for you to heed her. Extend to her the courtesy of not listening, which you would give to a woman of your own color."

"Certainly, papa."

As the carriage drove off, and Col. Vertner turned to remount his horse, he murmured to himself,

"What a child she is!"

But, poor man! he could not be heroic and brave without apologizing for it; so he betook himself again to the crowd, and there explained that the victim was a woman, and her punishment had been too heavy for her strength of constitution; that he was opposed to the use of the whip, &c. But the crowd, though obsequious to him, was a little more astute than he thought; they had heard too much of neighborhood gossip to "swallow," as one man expressed it, "all of the Colonel's statement about pity," &c.

Madge drove rapidly to Mrs. Mason's house.

"Drive me to the private entrance, Henry; and now tell one of your house-girls to say to your Miss Helen that I wish to speak to her."

Helen obeyed the summons promptly.

"What is it, Madge?"

"Only see, I have brought Rachel home in an insensible state; I suppose you will not refuse her house room."

"Certainly not. Here, Henry, you assist Lyd to carry her into the little off-room of the left hall."

Very soon after this, Rachel was snugly stored away in a comfortable bed; cordials were administered; and the two friends, Madge and Helen, had the satisfaction of seeing very evident signs of returning consciousness and improvement. Slowly the weary woman opened her eyes, fixed them earnestly on Madge, murmured some inaudible words and closed her eye-lids, as if to sleep.

"How pretty she is, in spite of that painful expression and that wounded flesh," said Helen.

And that night, when talking the matter over with her husband, she was enthusiastic in praise of her friend's brave charity and her many quiet acts of mercy, not the least among which she reckoned this kindness to Rachel.

"Ah, yes," replied Mr. Norton, "Madge Vertner remembers Christ's words, 'Inasmuch as you did it to the least of them, you did it unto me.'"

The Wedding Hour.—Another popular fallacy is that a marriage celebrated after twelve o'clock at noon is void. This is not the case; the marriage being good enough, though the clergyman who so officiates subjects himself to severe penalties for this infringement of the law. That this error is not confined to the unlearned laity we may gather from the following anecdote, which we have heard from very good authority, and believe to be true: A couple having appeared before the curate of a large metropolitan parish, for the purpose of being married, it was discovered that the bridegroom had forgotten the license. Posting off in hot haste to procure this important document, he was not able to reach the church on his return before the clock had chimed twelve. The curate, however, good-naturedly went on with the ceremony, and the happy couple were, as they fondly imagined, married. In the midst of the wedding breakfast, and shortly after the bride and bridegroom had taken their departure, the guests were startled by the abrupt appearance of the rector in whose parish the marriage had taken place. "No marriage, no marriage!" said that gentleman, to the consternation of the company, and demanded that the couple should be recaptured and brought before him next morning, to go through the ceremony once more. This was done to the satisfaction of the rector, and the annoyance, we may suppose, of the rest of the party. Now, this worthy rector (he is at the present writing a member of the Episcopal Bench), had he been conversant with the law, might have saved himself and others a great deal of annoyance. The parties were legally married in the first instance, but the unhappy curate had committed a felony, and might have been transported for fourteen years.—*All the Year Round.*

A STROLL THROUGH THE TEMPLE.

The Temple—the dear, dozy, dingy old Temple—not Solomon's Temple, nor that of Diana, nor of double-headed Janus—but the Temple of the Red-cross Knights, the Temple of Chaucer and Spencer, of Oliver Goldsmith and Charles Lamb—

Those bricky towers
The which on Themmes' back doth ride,
Where now the lawyers have their bowers.

How one's heart warms towards it! In all the wide circumference of London, where will you find such another lovable spot? There is a never-failing charm in the very contrast which it offers to the streets which surround it. There, in the very heart of the great metropolis, on the borders of one of its most thronged highways, stands this little congregation of antique courts, so still, so drowsy, so inanimate, that, coming upon it straight from the din and bustle of Fleet street, it seems as if the visitor had suddenly passed from the actual world into the enchanted confines of some sleeping palace. The hubbub of the streets is hushed to a gentle murmur; and the splash of the little fountain among the trees, or the pattering of occasional footsteps, only sound

Like hints and echoes of the world
To spirits folded in the womb.

And then, to crown the whole, there is the garden with its fresh green lawn, and trim walks, and the terrace, with a little summer-house at either end, and the river beyond, sparkling in the sunshine, and all alive with leisurely barges and flitting steamboats. Altogether, it is a delightful place to spend an hour in a summer afternoon; but in the autumn or winter, it must be owned its aspect is rather lugubrious. Then the fog steams up from the river, creeping from court to court, and enveloping the whole place in its dense yellow vapor; the garden is strewn with withered leaves, and the breeze sighs piteously through the skeleton trees. All day long there are candles burning in many chambers, and shedding a dismal glimmering light for the clerks to scribble their papers at; and the few people who are about loom through the mist more like ghosts than substantial creatures of flesh and blood. At such a season, one may be pardoned for questioning Charles Lamb's dictum, that "the Temple is the most elegant spot in the metropolis"; and indeed it has claims enough on our regard in the thousand-and-one associations of the past which cling to its dingy, smoke-grimed walls, without insisting on its elegance. At every step you come upon some memorial of "the great of old"; and in a ramble through its courts, your thoughts are made to traverse many ages of our history. As you pace the "Round" of the Temple church, and gaze upon the cross-legged effigies of the old knights, you are involuntarily carried back to the distant days when the green fields stretched on either hand down to the brink of the stately and then pellucid stream, and when the towers of the Temple stood embowered in trees, a pleasant rural retreat for the monkish warriors, the clank of whose mailed hose you can almost fancy you hear ringing on the pavement. Or if you are a reader of the old comedies, you cannot fail to recall the livelier and more bustling scenes which the Round used to present when it had come to serve as a sort of law market-place or fashionable lounge. There are the lawyers, each at his particular pillar, deep in consultation with his clients, or dictating cases to his pupils; under the galleries, a busy promenade is going on—some waiting for friends they have appointed to meet; others attracted thither in the hope of picking up some fresh gossip of the day, to be retailed with much gusto and exaggeration at the evening coffee-house; while lounging on the benches, or stalking dismally up and down, may be seen some of the "peripatetic philosophers of the Temple Walk" (with whom, no doubt, a barmecide meal at the table of the "cross-legged knights, their hosts," was about as much in vogue as a dinner with Duke Humphrey in Paul's Walk); and mingled with these, most probably, one or two choice specimens from Alsatia hard by, conspicuous amongst the crowd, who give them a wide berth, for their shaggy, unkempt locks, greasy jerkins, and "long scandalous iron swords."

Across the quadrangle, there is Middle Temple Hall. It stands to-day much as it stood a couple of centuries ago; and when the members of the honorable community to whom it belongs sit down to dinner, they sit much as they used to sit in the old days—the benches perched at the table on the raised platform, and the rest distributed in messes of four round the hall—but what a change has come over the spirit of the gathering! On what scenes of wild merry-makings must these old rafters have looked down; how they must have trembled and echoed with the din of feast-day brawls and mad-cap maskings; with the applause and laughter of the audience that first listened to Viola's touching recital of her love, or shook their sides at the "most excellent fooling" of Malvolio;* or with the swearing and fighting that arose from the quarrels of the dicing table, and rendered necessary the regulation that no one should carry into the dining-hall any other weapon than a dagger or knife with which to cut his meat. Formerly, according to Fortescue, a student of the Inn was not only inducted into the mysteries of the law, but was taught "to dance, to sing and play on instruments on ferial-days, and to study divinity on the festivals." Lord Chancellor Davies, when an "utter" barrister, spent his leisure in the composition of a couple of poems, one on *The Art of Dancing*, in which we suppose he was a proficient; and the other on *The Immortality of the Soul*. Indeed, in those days it would seem to have been as indispensable that the occupants of the bench should have a graceful carriage in the dance, and be able to lead off with credit a Christmas brawl, as that they should be well up in the rules and precedents of legal lore. Sir Christopher Hatton, we know, was one of the best dancers of his time, and practised his steps to some purpose, according to the scandalous chronicle of that period:

His bushy beard and shoe-strings green,
His high-crowned hat and satin doublet,
Moved the stout heart of England's queen,
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

For the lover of literature, the Temple has a special attraction, from the number of eminent writers who frequented it, and with whose memories it is indissolubly associated. With the old dramatists, it was a favorite place of residence. Beaumont (of the famous playwright firm), Ford, Marston, Southerne, Wycherley—up whose stairs the Duchess of Cleveland is said to have been seen tripping disguised as a milliner—and Congreve, are all stated to have had chambers there. Fielding, too, was a resident for a short time at the outset of his career in the metropolis; and we can fancy him "with inked ruffles and a wet towel round his head, dashing off articles at midnight for the *Covent Garden Journal*, with the printer's boy asleep in the passage." Everybody knows Dr. Johnson's staircase in Inner Temple Lane, and must have rejoiced that the alterations in that quarter are not to interfere with the rooms where the "giant had his den." It is pleasant to fancy the ponderous old man rolling down the lane to his chambers, religiously touching all the posts on his way, and carefully picking up the scraps of orange-peel. Boswell had lodgings hard by in Farrar's Buildings, at the foot of the lane. Somewhere in the Temple—Mr. Southey tells us only that it was in an airy situation—Cowper lived for some dozen of years, which he used afterwards to say, in his morbid way, were spent in an "uninterrupted course of sinful indulgence." It was during his residence in the Temple that, one dull November day, in a fit of religious melancholy, he attempted suicide, first resolving to take laudanum, but having the cup a score of times twitched away from his lips by some invisible hand; and then to hang himself with his garter, which, tied to the top of his bed, slipped one time, and broke it down the next, and being the third time fastened to the angle of the door, kept him suspended till he became unconscious, but snapped before death ensued.

But of all the names associated with the Temple, there are none which one likes better to connect it with than those of Goldsmith and Lamb, the two kindliest and most lovable writers in the whole range of our republic of letters. Goldsmith resided there from 1764 to the day of his death, and during that time changed his lodgings three times. He came first to a humble garret in the library staircase in Garden Court, which he shared with Jeffs, the butler of the Temple. The next year he did shift to better chambers, a story lower down, in the same staircase; and it was there Parson Scott, Lord Sandwich's chaplain, called on him to bargain for his services as a government pamphleteer. Goldsmith was then forty years of age, had written *The Traveller* and *The Vicar of Wakefield*, and was yet forced to drudge at the meanest, worst-paid journey-work for the booksellers, to save himself from starving in "the streets, where Butler and Otway starved before him." "And yet, would you believe it," Parson Scott used to say, "he was so absurd as to answer: 'I can earn as much as will supply my wants without writing for any party'; and so I left him in his garret."

The success of the *Good-natured Man* enabled him to purchase a suite of rooms in Brick Court, at No. 2, up two pair of stairs. In the flat below, Mr. Blackstone, busy with the fourth volume of his *Commentaries*, was sadly put about with the racket carried on at nights above his head. One Monday, in April, 1774, there was a cluster of mourners on the staircase—needy Irish adventurers, and miserable outcast women—weeping for the early death of the tender-hearted man, who never forgot, amidst the pressure of his own griefs and difficulties, to be kind and charitable.

"Cheerful Crown Office Row," facing the gardens, was the place of Charles Lamb's "kindly engendure," and there he spent the first seven years of his life, playing about the quaint old courts, and gazing with reverence at the solemn benchers as they took their afternoon promenade on the terrace. It is not difficult to trace the influence upon his mind of this early residence in such a spot in the tone and character of many of his essays. Afterwards, in his middle age, he came back to the Temple, and lived with his sister in Inner Temple Lane, where he spent some of the happiest days of his life, and where those glorious Wednesday-evening gatherings used to be held, which Hazlitt and Talfourd give such glowing descriptions of, as rivalling in entellectual enjoyment the aristocratic *réunions* of Holland House.

Call the Temple dingy, nay, as dismal as you like. But what though it is? Its shades are hallowed by associations with the authors of the *Vicar of Goldsmith* and Elia's *Essays*; and the pleasant memories of two such men are sufficient to make a sunshine anywhere.—*Chambers's Journal.*

* Twelfth Night was acted here in 1601-2, so far as we know, for the first time.

BENNETT'S POEMS.*

From the (London) Literary Gazette.

Mr. Bennett is well known to our readers as one of the most popular of English poets. He is preëminently a song-writer, and his effusions are distinguished more by their quiet, winning graces, their true feeling and tenderness, than by any ostentation of art.

"Baby May" is one of his very happiest efforts. Many of his poems on infants are full of gentle, touching pathos, while others are bright and smiling as a sunbeam. We give the following as a specimen:

"TO A LADY I KNOW, AGED ONE.

"Oh, sunny curls! oh, eyes of blue!
The hardest natures known,
Baby, would softly speak to you,
With strangely tender tone:
What marvel, Mary, if from such
Your sweetness, love would call,
We love you, baby, oh, how much,
Most dear of all things small!

"Unborn, how, more than all on earth,
Your mother yearn'd to meet
Your dream'd-of face: you, from your birth,
Most sweet of all things sweet!
Even now for your small hands' first press
Of her full, happy breast,
How oft does she God's goodness bless,
And feel her heart too blest!

"You came a wonder to her eyes,
That doted on each grace,
Each charm that still with new surprise
She show'd us in your face:
Small beauties? ah, to her not small,
How plain to her blest mind!
Though, baby dear, I doubt if all,
All that she found, could find.

"A year has gone, and, mother, say,
Through all that year's blest round,
In her, has one sweet week or day
Not some new beauty found?
What moment has not fancied one,
Since first your eyes she met?
And, wife, I know you have not done
In finding fresh ones yet.

"Nor I: for, baby, some new charm
Each coming hour supplies,
So sweet, we think change can but harm
Your sweetness in our eyes,
Till comes a newer, and we know
As that fresh charm we see,
In you, sweet Nature wills to show
How fair a babe can be.

"Kind God, that gave this precious gift,
More clung-to every day,
To thee our eyes we trembling lift—
Take not thy gift away!
Looking on her, we start in dread,
We stay our shuddering breath,
And shrink to feel the terror said
In that one dark word—death.

"Oh, tender eyes! Oh, beauty strange!
When childhood shall depart,
Oh, that thou, babe, through every change,
May'st keep thy infant heart!
O gracious God! Oh, this make sure,
That, of no grace beguiled,
The woman be in soul as pure
As now she is a child!

What again can be more exquisite than the tenderness and pathos embodied in the poem entitled "Baby's Shoes"? Although better known than many of the other poems, we cannot resist our inclination to give it a place in these columns:

"BABY'S SHOES.

"Oh, those little, those little blue shoes:
Those shoes that no little feet use!
Oh, the price were high
That those shoes would buy,
Those little blue unused shoes!

"For they hold the small shape of feet
That no more their mother's eyes meet,
That by God's good will,
Years since grew still,
And ceased from their totter so sweet!

"And oh, since that baby slept,
So hush'd—how the mother has kept
With a tearful pleasure,
That little dear treasure,
And o'er them thought and wept!

"For they mind her for evermore
Of a patter along the floor,
And blue eyes she sees
Look up from her knees,
With the look that in life they wore.

"As they lie before her there,
There babbles from chair to chair
A little sweet face,
That's a gleam in the place,
With its little gold curls of hair.

"Then oh, wonder not that her heart
From all else would rather part
Than those tiny blue shoes
That no little feet use,
And whose sight makes such fond tears start."

How many a mother's heart has been stirred by these lines, which appeal to some of the holiest feelings of our nature. "Baby May, and other Poems on Infants" is really in its way a little casket of jewels, full of love and sweet sympathy for children—the genuine outpourings of a manly and affectionate heart.

* Baby May, and other Poems, on Infants. By W. C. Bennett. Chapman and Hall.

MRS. DALL'S BOOK ON WOMAN.

From The Massachusetts Spy.

It is not always the best and most needed book that gets at once the widest circulation. Therefore, we are not sure that Mrs. Dall's book, on Woman and her right to labor, has yet found a circulation equal to its merits. It has quietly found its way into the hands of many persons, who either sympathize earnestly with the author's purpose or have been attracted to her topic by such notices of it as have appeared in the public journals. But this book should be read carefully in every family, and by all who are capable of feeling the obligations imposed by their human relationships; for Mrs. Dall's topic is of the first importance to society, and there needs to be a truer and more generous public sentiment in regard to it.

Mrs. Dall has not *manufactured* the book to which we refer. It was an irrepressible growth from her thought and feeling. She has given the subject much earnest attention, and she has the ability and intelligence to treat the subject properly. Her views are illustrated and enforced by an array of facts which will surprise those who have not been led to pursue the subject carefully. The first part of her book, which she entitles "Death or Dishonor," treats of the circumstances under which some women are led to lives of shame through want and friendlessness. She introduces the topic by saying: "Already the chemist furnishes the atter of Cashmere from heaps of offal that lie rotting by the way." Then follow explanations and statements of fact which will awaken wholesome emotions in those to whom they may be new. Mrs. Dall maintains that, in most cases, the wages of working women are inadequate, and that such women are often exposed, by want and friendless circumstances, to temptations for which society is, in a measure, responsible. In the second and third parts of the book are shown the great varieties of employments for which women are adapted, and some of the obstructions in the way of such just and generous arrangements in regard to working women are demanded, not only in justice to them, but also to protect the well-being of society.

It is not possible to contradict her facts; and we do not see how it is possible to confute her argument. Why should a woman be paid less than a man for doing the same work? If there be a valid reason for it in one case, there must be in all others. But, in some departments of work, there is unquestioned equality in the matter of wages. When a paper of first-rate excellence is offered for publication in the *North American Review*, or the *Atlantic Monthly*, the publishers do not wait to know whether it comes from a man or a woman, before determining the rate of pay. In such cases, there is no confident assumption that a woman must work for half or quarter pay. And there should be none in any case where the work is precisely the same. In all cases, pay should be regulated by the character and quality of the work, not by the sex of the worker. Yet it is necessary to understand that the injustice here attacked is not the work of any single individual, nor of any special class of individuals. It is organic. It is more or less intertwined with the very framework of society, and therefore cannot be removed in a day, perhaps not in a half century.

The views urged by Mrs. Dall are nowhere so much needed as in this country. Our women are generally much better educated than women in Europe; and, at the same time, we believe, they are more rigidly excluded from many kinds of work to which women seem especially adapted. No person can spend a week in Paris, it is said, without seeing the difference. Most of our young women have no opportunity to develop habits of profitable industry and skilful self-reliance. Custom has no career for them, beyond a few limited opportunities for employment. They must wait at home, living to little or no purpose, until they are given to somebody in marriage. The custom and encouragement of society should afford them much more than this. There should be open to them such ways to varied and profitable employment as will give them that independent and self-relying existence in the world without which they cannot be well fitted for any human relationship or work that life may have for them. It seems to us that but little observation and thought are necessary to show that this is too true to be contradicted.

We repeat the expression of our hope that Mrs. Dall's book will have a very wide and general circulation. What she says should have careful attention. She speaks earnestly from strong conviction; she is prompted by elevated motives; and she writes with clearness and force. Her subject needs attention at the present time, more, perhaps, than at any previous period in our history. To study it carefully cannot be without profit.

THE CROOK OF ST. FILLAN.

In a late number of the *Canadian Journal of Industry, Science and Art*, there is a paper by Professor Daniel Wilson of the University College, Toronto, on a matter of antiquarian interest. An account is given of the discovery in Canada of the crook, or head of the crosier of St. Fillan, an eminent Scottish saint who died in 649, and from whom is derived St. Fillans, the name of a village and spring in the western part of Perthshire.

Harp of the North, that mouldering long has hung
On the witch-elm that shades St. Fillan's spring.

Thus has Scott alluded to St. Fillans in the opening lines of the *Lady of the Lake*, and the spot, situated in a picturesque valley, has furnished legends to numerous writers in prose and verse. How anything that had belonged to a Highland recluse, twelve hundred years ago, should have found its way to Canada, seems not a little remarkable; and yet the story of the relic is very simple.

St. Fillan being a personage of extraordinary sanctity, all things that had pertained to him were, of course, believed to possess miraculous qualities. When Robert Bruce was about to encounter the English invading army on the field of Bannockburn, 1314, he commanded that the relics of St. Fillan should be present on the occasion, and the duty of exhibiting them and invoking their powers was imposed on the abbot of Inchaffray. According to tradition, the abbot acted somewhat disingenuously. Fearing that the most valued of the relics—the arm of the saint—might be lost in the tumult of battle, he showed only the silver case in which the arm was usually contained; he, however, exhibited the saint's crosier, and that, when judged by the result, was presumed to have done wonders. Displeased with the abbot for having played what we must think to have been a rather shabby trick, the king is said to have confided the future care of St. Fillan's crosier to a family named Doire, modernized into Dewar, in Strathfillan. By this family, generation after generation, the crosier was carefully preserved; and at length it was taken across the Atlantic by a lineal descendant of the original custodier, on his emigrating to Canada in 1818—a fact referred to in an account of the relic in the third volume of the *Transactions of the Scottish Antiquarian Society*.

The present custodier of the crook of St. Fillan is Alexander Dewar, son of the emigrant, and he communicates some particulars on the subject to Professor Wilson. The family, it appears, on going up the Ottawa, lent some old documents concerning the crosier to a Mr. M'Donald, whose house was burned soon after, and the papers unfortunately destroyed. But we are told that "Mr. Dewar retains in his possession a copy of the royal instrument granted to Malise Doire, one of his ancestors, by James III. in 1487, in confirmation of more ancient royal deeds by Robert Bruce, and registered by the Lords of Council and Session at Edinburgh in 1734." In this document, the crosier is called the *Quigrich*—a Celtic term signifying the "crook of the king."

A lithographic print in the *Canadian Journal* accompanies the account of the quigrich, which is represented as a richly carved crook, or head of a staff. It is composed of silver, gilt, on a hollow cone of copper, and is adorned in front with a large oval crystal. It measures "nine and a quarter inches in height, and nearly seven and a half inches across, from the point of the crook. It is of an exceedingly simple form, suggestive of a primitive age of art, and yet adorned with such rich and tasteful skill as to constitute, apart from its singularly interesting historical associations, a valuable example of the workmanship of the early age to which it must be assigned, and of the primitive civilization which followed in the wake of that Christianity taught, by St. Fillan and other Christian missionaries, to the first converts from among the pagan Celts of North Britain." Mr. Wilson, in conclusion, properly suggests that the quigrich should be placed within the safe-keeping of one of our great national collections, lest it should perish in one of those chance conflagrations which yearly consume hundreds of the frail wooden houses of Canadian settlers.—*Chambers's Journal.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

Sweets to the Sweet.—"Pray, can you tell me, my dear Mr. Jenkins," asked, with admiring eyes, a very pretty young lady, "How is sugar refined?" "When a lady gives it to you, madam," was the happy reply of the great artist who grinds the fashionable organ every day. —*Punch.*

Phrenology Right for Once.—A phrenologist has been examining the Queen's head, and says that he finds the bump of adhesiveness was sadly deficient, if it existed there at all. In justice, however, to this gentleman, we must state that the Queen's head under examination was a Postage Stamp.—*Punch.*

Celestial Mechanics.—There is something highly original in the notions of celestial mechanics entertained by an honest Scottish (Fife) lass, regarding the theory of comets. Having occasion to go out after dark, and having observed the comet of last year (1858), she ran in with breathless haste to the house, calling on her fellow servants to "come oot and see a new star that hasna got its tail cuttit aff yet!" Exquisite astronomical speculation! Stars, like puppies, are born with tails, and in due time have them docked.—*Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character.*

Manufacture of "Antiquities."—The Academy of Sciences of Munich has sent one of its members, M. de Hefner, to Rheinzabern and the neighboring localities to inquire into a singular branch of trade which has sprung up there of late years, viz., a wholesale manufacture of counterfeit vases, statues, and other articles, being imitations of those known to be of Roman origin, and found in the district. After a minute investigation, he has arrived at the conviction that the mysterious manufactory is at Mentz, which place is strongly suspected of having produced an antique ivory casket, so perfectly imitated as to have been purchased at a high price for the British Museum.

A Parisian Landlady.—Madame eats little, but she is a delicate feeder, and she and I perfectly agree on one point—we both like a change dearly. The same dish never appears twice in the same week, except by particular desire. Women are very observing. Madame probably saw, from my habits of life, that my finances were not very flourishing; and when she gave me my bill at the end of the month, I was almost ashamed to pay it.